The Improvement ERA

SEPTEMBER, 1930
Vol. 33 No. 11

RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED

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A Modern American Prophet

By
JOHN HENRY EVANS

Glimpses of Hawaii

By
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Chateau in Normandy

By
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FORECAST

Once in a lifetime something happens to someone which sounds more like a fairy tale than reality, and to Alice Sheets Smoot that something has happened. From the usual path of every-day living she found herself, as the wife of the senior Senator, Reed Smoot, an invited guest at the home of the President of the United States and his lady. Days of delightful contacts, interesting experiences and new insight into the lives of well-known people followed, and of these she tells in the October *Era*. The article is called "A Guest at the White House Talks," and it is written in a style so easy and informal that it makes one who reads feel nearer to the Capitol and all that goes on there.

Carrying in its lines the spirit of the great Centennial year of the Church, the report of the Fathers and Sons' outing of the three Stakes in Canada is one of the heart-warming features of the year. About fifteen-hundred Dads and Lads of that northland spent three days together out in nature's beauty, and together they found new appreciation and understanding of each other and of the great cause which means so much to them. Charles F. Steele, well-known to readers of the *Era*, tells the story. Don't fail to read it.

A charming tale is to come to you next month in the pages of the October *Era*. "Neighbor Anne," it is called, and a more neighborly person than Anne would be hard to discover. Whimsical, human, delightful is this story by Jessie Miller Robinson, and pleasant is the feeling one has after reading it.

For the wide group of *Era* readers who keep the home fires burning and are expected to prepare three meals a day for hungry men and children, the new department of the magazine will doubtless be welcomed with open arms and new kitchen activity. "Foods for Health" is a subject important and interesting, and the fact that it is to be handled by an expert, Adah Roberts Naylor, will lend a gratifying touch of authority.

The Improvement Era

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Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, the Mutual Improvement Associations and the Department of Education of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

CONTENTS

Title		*Page*
Editorial—		
Thought Habits	*Hugh J. Cannon*	723
Disappearance of God	*Hugh J. Cannon*	723
The World of Words	*Elsie T. Brandley*	724
The Historicity of Jesus	*Joseph Fielding Smith*	725
Words of President Joseph F. Smith		726
The British Missionary	*Weston N. Nordgren*	727
Poetry		730
Illumined	*Alberta Huish Christensen*	
Shower	*Ardyth M. Kennelly*	
Olde	*Frances Nuttall*	
A Cloud	*Gladys Hendrickson*	
In Tune With the Ringlets	*Grace McKinstry*	
Fragments	*Alberta Huish Christensen*	
Pioneer	*Vesta Pierce Crawford*	
Landscape	*Weston N. Nordgren*	
Bondage	*Merling Dennis Clyde*	
Oberammergau and the Passion Play		731
Expatriation. A Story. Chapter Two	*Hugh J. Cannon*	734
Foods for Health		736
September—An Interesting Month	*L. D. Stearns*	738
Mormon Caravan to Independence Rock	*John D. Giles*	739
A Chateau in Normandy. A Story	*Lucile T. Carlisle*	742
Joseph Smith—A Modern American Prophet. Part III	*John Henry Evans*	744
A Glance at Palestine	*Mary R. Booth*	746
A Spiritual Philosophy of Life. Part X	*Dean Milton Bennion*	748
Glimpses of Hawaii—Captain James Cook	*Fred L. Goddard*	751
Keys to College. A Story	*Prof. H. R. Merrill*	754
A Chapter in the History of Utah Schools	*Judge Daniel Harrington*	763
Priesthood Quorums—		
The Priesthood Begins to Function in Washington, D. C.		764
Follow-up Work, the Secret of Success		765
Mutual Work—		
Executive Department		767
Adult Department		769
M Men Department		770
Gleaner Girls Department		771
Junior Girls Department		772
Vanguards-Scouts Department		773
Bee Hive Girls Department		774

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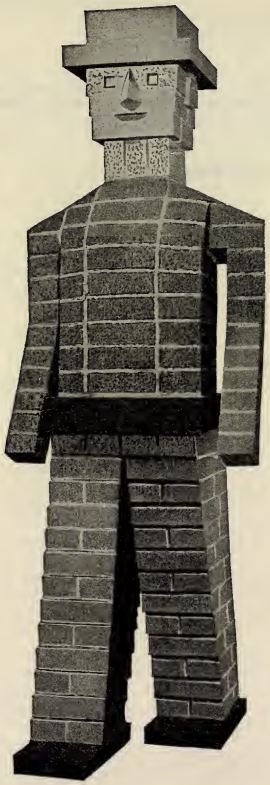

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EDITORIAL

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Thought Habits

A PENNY for your thoughts!" This offer frequently leveled at people who apparently are immersed in meditation would often be a poor bargain for the purchaser.

Correct thought habit is priceless, far more precious than gold, and with much greater purchasing power. Money will buy luxuriously furnished palaces, but not contentment; satisfy the palate of the epicure, but will not still his hunger for happiness; provide opportunities for education and development, but not knowledge or growth; purchase a ticket to foreign lands, but no ability to absorb information. Thought habits of the right sort will bring peace, happiness, knowledge, development, intellectuality, spirituality. They lift the afflicted mortal out of the Slough of Despond, and place him on the glorious mountain peak; at the same time they moderate the extravagant dreams of the enthusiast and place him amid sane surroundings. Developing as it will a normal, healthy, well-balanced mind, it will naturally do much toward the maintenance of physical strength. The man who thinks correctly will never lose sight of the eternal truth that "God's in his heaven, and all's well with the world." In such a mind discouragement finds no lodgment.

As the most important difference between human beings and the lower animals lies in man's ability to think, so the difference between individual excellence and mediocrity is seen in the varying quality of thought processes. He who is constantly broadening his thought horizon, who thinks constructively and wisely, will as a matter of course be kind and cheerful, observant and studious, industrious and happy.

Sa'di, the wise poet of Persia of the twelfth century, became a wandering lecturer. After enduring many hardships, he says: "Never did I complain of my forlorn condition but on one occasion when my feet were bare, and I had not wherewithal to shoe them. Soon after, meeting a man without feet, I was thankful for the bounty of providence to myself and with perfect resignation submitted to my want of shoes."

Certainly never within the memory of men now living was there a time when it was more necessary calmly to think things through. The rapidly changing events of the world, crowding as they do upon us, have a tendency to bewilder, almost to blind, thought faculties. It is time for a return to sane thinking, and surely the rewards offered for correct thought habits warrant the cultivation of persistent mental industry.—*H. J. C.*

The Disappearance of God

AMONG the ten leading magazine articles for June is one by Henshaw Ward in *Scribner's* under the above title. His concluding sentence is significant: "The God that used to hear my prayers is disappearing, is being nebulized out of existence by the Holmeses, the Ameses and Millikans." Mr. Ward refers to a book written by a former minister, and now the editor of a Christian magazine, and says: "After I have read it I can think of nothing but the massacre of God that is being made by the best religious thought of the day."

Standing by the seagull monument on the Temple Block a few years ago, a noted California educator listened to the story of how the gulls saved the people from starvation. At its conclusion he said: "I can believe that the Almighty intervened to save a people as prayerful as were the pioneers." Then he went on to say: "The trouble with the world today is that to be considered educated a man must know all about the gods of mythology, but he need know nothing whatever about the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob—the true and living God."

The mission of the *Improvement Era* is solemnly to declare that the Almighty has again revealed himself, together with his Son Jesus Christ, to men in this age and that he who seeks him in humble prayer need not seek in vain. Men may nebulize, or massacre or throw him overboard; but he still lives and will continue to rule and reign.—*H. J. C.*

The World of Words

IN the great world of today there are many smaller worlds—of science, art, speech, politics, business, journalism, medicine, sociology, travel, and above all, religion. Among the worlds, and well among the most interesting to explore, is the world of words—a country wherein one touches hills of history, meadows of meaning, avenues of antiquity; wherein one finds scenes of romance, resting-places of beauty and other delightful spots. Words have within themselves the power to call up half-forgotten memories, to capture elusive thoughts and to convey delicate feeling. In one word may be crystalized a heart full of sentiment—"We," "Autumn," "Yes," "Mother," for a word is the symbol of thought, the rainbow path along which flows the light of understanding. In a sentence the friendship of nations has been expressed—"Lafayette, we are here!" In a few words at Gettysburg, Lincoln gave to the world inspiration which has lived through long years.

In this enchanting, bewildering world are two hemispheres: one, the mechanics of words, in which dwell roots, stems, derivations, prefixes and their technical relatives; the other, the witchery of words, inhabited by metaphor and simile, descriptive phrase and poetry.

Among all the languages, none, perhaps, is more interesting and colorful than English—now spoken in many lands and rapidly becoming universal. And yet there is a difference in "English as she is Spoke" in America and England; in the English of Shakespeare and H. G. Wells and that of George Ade and Will Rogers. In a brief glance at these differences one finds a choice side-trip away from the main line of travel through Wordland. Many ordinary expressions of America are scarcely comprehensible to the English, and vice versa. Our *saleswoman* is their *shop-assistant*. We have a *drug store* to equal their *chemist-shop;* and our *derby hat* is their *bowler*. They have a *guard* on the *railway carriage* for our *conductor* in the *car;* we eat *crackers* while they munch *biscuits*, and our *gasoline* is their *petrol*. Unimportant as this diversity may be, it goes to show the effect of locality on speech. A young man traveling in Europe spoke with such precision and nicety that a chance acquaintance asked him where he had obtained his schooling. "In America," was the reply, to which the other responded, "Then how did you ever learn to speak English?"

The tendency to clip one's vocabulary has the effect of throwing a neutral-tinted veil over the glories of word-scenery. Dawn may be merely *pretty*, or it may be *roseate, dew-pearled, cloud-flung, glowing, golden*, or *irridescent*, according to the vision and vocabulary of the traveler in the lands where dawns grow. In brief verse an Alabama newspaper tells the story:

> Two adjectives Susannah knows,
> On these she takes her stand;
> No matter how this old world goes,
> 'Tis either "fierce" or "grand!"

Another, and worse, blot on the word-landscape is the flaunting sign board of slang. Slang words are outlaws whose irregular habits and uncertain associations have served to exclude them from cultivated society. It is somewhat difficult to define slang, as the word itself is of uncertain origin, but it is recognized as a language of highly colloquial type, and classed far below the level of standard speech. It strives for novelty, but with strained effect. Being a "jazz" form of speech, it is influenced by all the ephemeral winds of the world of play—sports, games, stage, screen and automobile, as attested by such expressions as *long suit, dark horse, take the count, below the belt; vamp, register, click, dumb, chorine, flat tire, skid, flivver*, etc.

"Slanguage," as it has been called, is peculiarly attractive to youth, fanatically opposed as youth is to the usual, the ordinary, the accepted. With a desire for newness, youth sees in slang the chance to achieve it, ignoring the fact that, due to its very connections, it cannot long remain new. It lacks originality, and frequently misses the point at which it aimed—that of colorful novelty. From the rut of established propriety it careens into the ditch of cheap imitation and far-fetched application. Occasionally a slang phrase appears which justifies itself, but seldom so happily as when King George of England declared that the American had put "pep" into the Allies. For once, someone has pointed out, slang was made a part of the King's English.

Another attempt to put novelty into dignified expression is observed in the tendency to coin new words which have no basis of necessity. Such words as *discussant, definitize*, etc., crop out in conversation and writing, but the person truly desirous of using good English avoids such impromptu and unnecessary terminology and cleaves to the established, authorized forms.

In changing times, expressions change, inevitably. New situations, discoveries, and objects require new terms. The intelligent person readily adjusts himself to this condition, and makes his own words which must be a part of an up-to-date vocabulary. Words such as *anesthetic, aseptic, bacteria, submarine, camouflage, zeppelin, voltage, watts, electrode, static, wave-length* and others have come into recognized usage in comparatively recent times, but they have come in answer to a definite need, which stamps them as legitimate. In no respect is their newness comparable to that of slang or the equally annoying improvisation.

There is one way of using words which, while strictly justifiable, lends opportunity for originality and color, that of combining verb and adjective meanings. To *sigh out a dance, mince into a room, gloom through an evening, or rhapsodize a reply*, is enough of a departure from the ordinary to satisfy the craving for novelty without shattering propriety. It affords distinction without coarseness or undesirable smartness.

Walter Pater has said that the great problem of modern speech is to find the right word for the right thing, and in the process of doing so the lines of Pope still hold good as a guide.

> "In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold,
> Alike fantastic, if too new or old;
> Be not the first by whom the new is tried,
> Nor yet the last to lay the old aside."

—*E. T. B.*

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

Vol. 33-41 SEPTEMBER, 1930 No. 11

"The Historicity of Jesus"

By JOSEPH FIELDING SMITH

of the Council of the Twelve

IN the March *Era* there appeared an article by Elder J. M. Sjodahl on "Jesus as a Personage in History," and in the July number another article, by Dr. William J. Snow, on "The Historicity of Jesus;" each of these writers dealing with evidence that Jesus Christ is a real personality in answer to the modern critics who say that there is no authentic evidence that he ever lived, and that the stories of his life and ministry, as portrayed in the Gospels, are based on a myth.

I would like to add a few reflections for the benefit of our young people who may be disturbed by this modern criticism of the historicity of Jesus Christ, for it is admitted that some distinguished scholars have advocated this astonishing and, to us, impossible view. Evidence produced of the time of our Savior and immediately following, has been presented conclusively in the articles mentioned. It is not my purpose to cover the same ground, except to say that many who deny the divinity of Jesus Christ are convinced of his historicity. One of the most persistent and determined foes of Jesus Christ in modern times admits that the evidence is beyond reasonable dispute and that Jesus Christ lived and taught the people of Judea. Moreover, he declares, Paul, the chief writer of epistles and advocate for Jesus Christ, was a real personality who came in contact with the Christians within the first decade after the death of Christ. "Paul * * * habitually speaks of Cephas and others who were actual companions of Jesus. We have to deny the genuineness of all the epistles to doubt this * * *. So he (Paul) joined the Christian body and mingled with them in Jerusalem, within less than ten years of the execution of Jesus. No Jew there seems to have told him that Jesus was a mere myth. In all the bitter strife of Jew and Christian the idea seems to have occurred to nobody. Setting aside the Gospels entirely, ignoring all the Latin writers are supposed to have said in the second century, we have a large and roughly organized body of Christians at the time when men were still alive who remembered events of the fourth decade of the century.

"I conclude that it is more reasonable to believe in the historicity of Jesus. There is no parallel in history to the sudden growth of a myth and its conversion into a human personage in one generation. * * * From the earliest moment that we catch sight of Christians in history the essence of their belief is that Jesus was an incarnation, in Judea, of the great God of the universe. * * * So it seems to me far more reasonable, far more scientific, far more consonant with the facts of religious history which we know, to conclude that Jesus was a man who was gradually turned into a God."[1]

IT would be as easy for a gnat to trace the history of time back to its origin as for man to fathom the First Cause of all things, lift the veil of eternity and reveal the mysteries that have been sought after by philosophers from the beginning. What, then, should be the calling and duty of the children of men? Instead of inquiring after the origin of Gods—instead of trying to explore the depths of eternities that have been, that are, and that will be—instead of endeavoring to discover the boundaries of boundless space, let them seek to know the object of their present existence and how to apply, in the most profitable manner for their mutual good and salvation, the intelligence they possess. Let them seek to know and thoroughly understand things within their reach, and to make themselves well acquainted with the object of their being here, by diligently seeking unto a superior power for information and by the careful study of the best books."—Brigham Young in J. of D. 7:284-5.

THE point I wish to make, however, is that we have "a more sure word of prophecy," as Peter might put it, "whereunto we do well that we take heed," by which we may know that Jesus Christ lives and is indeed the Only Begotten Son of God.

The Book of Mormon, while an ancient record, has come to light within the knowledge of this generation. We all know how it was revealed and how it was translated, and that the Lord raised up witnesses, "as seemeth him good," who testified "to the truth of the book and the things therein." Moreover, the Book of Mormon was preserved, as it is recorded, to come forth in the latter days to bear witness of the truth of the record of the Jews (Bible), and to bear witness, "to the convincing of the Jew and Gentile that JESUS is the CHRIST the ETERNAL GOD, manifesting himself unto all nations." The Book of Mormon bears record of the personality and reality of Jesus Christ, both by prophecy uttered hundreds of years before he was born and also of his personal appearance among the ancient people

[1]Joseph McCabe—"The Story of Religious Controversy," p. 228.

on this American continent. In this sacred volume we have his words recorded and the testimony of witnesses who saw him and unto whom he ministered after his resurrection.

HOWEVER, are we not dependent upon the writings and the testimony of men who lived and wrote in ancient times? Although we accept their sayings, we have the testimony of witnesses of our own time. Joseph Smith, Oliver Cowdery, Sidney Rigdon, and others, have borne witness to the world—as they were commanded to do—that they saw Jesus Christ, conversed with him, were ministered to by him and received from him instruction. These facts are recorded as they were written at the time. This testimony has gone forth into all the world and has been before the world for one hundred years. Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery were in the presence of the Lord Jesus Christ in the Kirtland Temple, April 3, 1836, and heard his voice. Joseph Smith and Sidney Rigdon were in his presence February 16, 1832, and have given their testimony as follows:

"And now, after the many testimonies which have been given of him, this is the testimony, last of all, which we give of him: *That he lives!*

"For we saw him, even on the right hand of God; and we heard the voice bearing record that he is the Only Begotten of the Father—

"That by him, and through him, and of him, the worlds are and were created, and the inhabitants thereof are begotten sons and daughters unto God.[2]

THIS testimony has gone forth into all the world. There are thousands who know it is true for they too have had witness borne in upon their souls. There are thousands who believe in the promise of the Lord, "that every soul who forsaketh his sins and cometh unto me, and calleth on my name, and obeyeth my voice, and keepeth my commandments, shall see my face and know that I am."[3] And this promise is unto all men everywhere so that all may know if they will.

[2]Doctrine and Covenants 76:22-23.
[3]Ibid 93:1.

Words of President Joseph F. Smith

I BELIEVE it to be the duty of the Church to recognize and acknowledge every man that holds an official position in it, in his sphere and in his calling. I hold to the doctrine that the duty of a Teacher is as sacred as the duty of an Apostle, in the sphere in which he is called to act, and that every member of the Church is as much in duty bound to honor the Teacher that visits him in his home as he is to honor the office and counsel of the presiding quorum of the Church. They all have the Priesthood, they are all acting in their place, because the Lord has appointed them and set them in his Church. We cannot ignore them; or, if we do, the sin will be upon our heads. * * *

BRETHREN and sisters, we want you to be united. We hope and pray that you will go from this conference to your homes feeling in your hearts and from the depths of your soul to forgive one another, and never, from this time forth, to bear malice towards another fellow creature, I do not care whether he is a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints or not, whether he is a friend or a foe, whether he is good or bad. It is extremely hurtful for any man holding the Priesthood and enjoying gifts of the Holy Ghost to harbor a spirit of envy, or malice, or retaliation, or intolerance toward or against his fellow-man. We ought to say in our hearts, let God judge between me and thee, but as for me, I will forgive. I want to say to you that Latter-day Saints who harbor a feeling of unforgiveness in their souls are more guilty and more censurable than the one who has sinned against them. Go home and dismiss envy and hatred from your hearts; dismiss the feeling of unforgiveness; and cultivate in your souls that spirit of Christ which cried out upon the cross, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do." This is the spirit that Latter-day Saints ought to possess all the day long. The man who has that spirit in his heart and keeps it there will never have any trouble with his neighbors; he will never have any difficulties to bring before the Bishop, nor the High Council; but he will always be at peace with himself, at peace with his neighbors, and at peace with God. It is a good thing to be at peace with God.

ONE year ago today, as near as I can recall, we were honored by the presence, and with the privilege to hear the voice of President Snow. Shortly after he was called home to his final account before the great Judge of the quick and the dead. The Lord preserved his life to a goodly age, and I want to say that the Lord Almighty accomplished some things through President Lorenzo Snow that neither President John Taylor nor President Wilford Woodruff accomplished in their day. Although the same questions had been brought before them, yet they were never thoroughly decided and settled until President Snow did it. Therefore I say, all honor and praise be unto that instrument in the hands of God of establishing order in the midst of uncertainty, and certain rules by which we know our bearings. I wish to mention this, because I feel in my heart to thank the Lord for President Snow, and to honor him as the instrument in his hands of accomplishing his mission, for which the Lord preserved him so long in life. * * *

I WANT to say a few words to the Mutual Improvement associations. You young men and young women, officers of the Mutual Improvement associations, I implore you to go from this conference and do your duty. Look after the wayward, the disobedient, the thoughtless, and the indifferent. It is necessary that they should be guarded and looked after. As it has been expressed here time and again, it is better for us to save our own boys who are being misled at home, than it is for us to go out into the world and

(*Continued on page 762*)

The British Missionary

By
WESTON N. NORDGREN
Former Associated Editor of Millennial Star

The famous Clock Tower Gate and wall at Chester, Cheshire, England, built by the Romans. Police on parade in foreground.

MISSIONARY life in Great Britain is not all sunshine —in fact there is more of rain; nor is it all overshadowed with clouds of sorrow and dull, uninteresting work. It has its temporal and spiritual rewards for every elder who really labors in the field; it is "chuck full" of joy ("Men are that they might have joy"); and, taken all in all, missionary life—one place or another —is as good as any life can be.

There are reasons for this: A missionary, devoting all his time to the service of his God and fellow-men, feels happy in the knowledge that he is of some benefit to others. His mind, occupied with thoughts of spiritual salvation, is in a large measure free from petty earthly troubles. He breathes another atmosphere, apart from the world, in the sense that he is a teacher and exemplar of the life and law of Christ. That in itself is a sobering thought—to teach the crucified Christ, and to manifest the force of those teachings by exemplary living.

YET the missionary has his good times; not perhaps as the world views good times, or as we here at home view them—but in a sensible, human, missionary manner he enjoys all life has to offer to the elder in the field. Dancing is forbidden; but he enjoys opera, music, lectures, good "movies." Neither time nor means permits too frequent indulgence in these things, and he is careful to observe the rules of the particular field in which he labors. He walks with his brethren in the beautiful parks and along the ever green and growing country lanes. He meets new people, comes face to face with new obstacles every day in his tracting; he receives the joy of making contacts with people unconversant with Gospel principles. He learns the history of this old Empire by daily use of the material history affords, to secure Gospel conversations. He finds that the police are among his best non-"Mormon" friends; and he often converses with them hour after hour as he registers in (all aliens must register with the police in Europe) or registers out of the various cities and towns in which he works, receiving friendly questions, giving answers and literature in return. And always he finds kindred spirits—a brotherhood of manly men—when he meets his fellow ministers of the Gospel at the district conferences.

President and Sister John A. Widtsoe, Mission Parents to over 700 missionaries in Europe.

A British missionary investigating Danish "eats" at the Jamboree.

FOR diversion, after a hard day's work at tracting, sometimes the ever-ready kodak comes into use. Little strolls down to the river, to the beach, over the rolling hills, through the heart of city or village, are recorded to be filed away to awaken precious memories or to let those at home feel vicariously the missionary spirit. Visits, events, historic scenes, trips into the country, comrades and mission brethren and sisters—all are subjects for the kodak's recording eye. Snapshots enliven the the memory of persons and events dulled by time.

In Great Britain, too, the bicycle has its place in missionary

labors—sometimes it serves faithfully, up hill, down dale and across country; sometimes balks, or is used prankishly—for what boy, old or young, cannot make a bicycle misbehave on occasions? It is the useful steed of the missionary, often luring him far afield in search of "green pastures," prospective converts. If it proves skittish downhill, it goes at snail's pace uphill, often propelled by hand, while the owner walks. But withal, it is a dependable friend.

Left—"The pause that refreshes"—drinking from a stream beside one of England's walled estates.
Right—Signposts and bicycles—an interesting combination to the missionary tracting in the country.

SIGNPOSTS and bridges interest the missionary. Stone fences, higher than the reputed "wall around Salt Lake City," mysteriously hold from sightseers' eyes the ancient and mouldy estates of noblemen. Tall castles, churches, priories and cathedrals must be inspected and examined at first hand. War tanks, cenotaphs and memorials must be visited and photographed. Thatched cottages must be recorded as evidence for unbelievers at home. When new meeting quarters have been secured, the missionary hitches himself to the old style British "hand cart" and moves from the former rooms to the new. "A change is as good as a rest" in missionary life; and missionary life is, in great measure, a series of changes. No traveling elder need ever feel bored if he goes about with open eyes. Indeed, he has no time to be bored.

War tanks also occupy the missionary's attention and interest.

A group of "Mormon" missionaries at the International Boy Scout Jamboree, 1929.

TENDER home ties are strengthened by this unselfish labor. And new ties are formed. The elder learns to look upon the mission president and his wife as upon a father and mother. He follows their advice in his daily work; and in times of trial or temptation, he may call upon them for more

The missionary hitches himself to the old hand cart and moves from the old rooms to the new.

Bridges interest the missionary. Rock and slate are the chief materials used in the construction of country buildings and bridges.

A typical Welsh farmhouse, near Rhyl, Wales. This one is made of blue stone which looks like clay.

personal help. His own parents and loved ones are not neglected; their letters always have a welcome and are bright spots in his life. Usually, too, there is a girl—before he loses her, loses his hair, grows a moustache and gets the "itch"—at least for the first six months. (He carries her photograph in his watch, pocketbook, or somewhere about his person, where his mind, and often his eyes, may dwell upon it. Her letters are tied up with fancy ribbon in the top till of his trunk.) Little by little he learns the real meaning and value of a home as the

He often converses with the police and gives them information and literature on Gospel topics.

center unit of the family, city, church and nation; and as he learns this, he becomes a better supporter of the home and a better citizen of the kingdom of God, and of his country.

Last year, missionaries from several European countries attended the Boy Scout Jamboree, held at Arrowe Park, Birkenhead, England. They attended in the Scout uniforms of the countries from which they came, or in the case of British Mission representatives in regular missionary dress—their ordinary clothes. Mixing among the sixty thousand lads from most of the world's four corners, our missionaries made good use of their opportunity in explaining to many the Gospel message. And at the same time they gathered valuable information on scouting for use in the various missions of the Church in Europe.

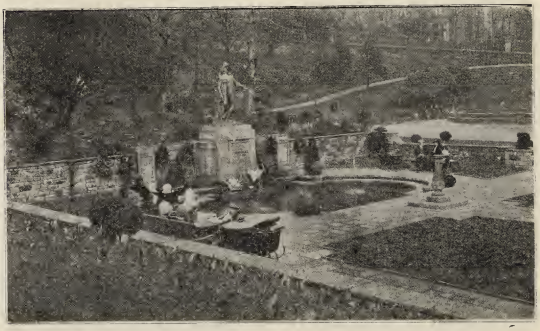
The Mission Presidents' Conference is always a source of help to the missionary. Here the photographer is lining up the Mission Presidents and their wives for a picture (Liverpool, 1929).

Top—Priories, such as the Cornishead Priory at Bardsea, in the English Lake District, must be examined.

Bottom—A missionary cycling through the fine winding roads of rural England.

The mission President's Conference is always a source of help

(*Continued on page 759*)



Cenotaphs and memorials must be visited and photographed.

POETRY

Illumined

By Alberta Huish Christensen

AN opaque, sullen night has been
Bereft of gloom,
By just the coming up
Of one round moon.

I've seen the utter emptiness of space
To beauty grow,
Through just the flickering light
Of candles in a row.

And I have seen a face austere
Burst into flame,
Through just a baby's touch,
Or mention of a name.

Shower

By Ardyth M. Kennelly

IT came with a fragrance, a dream, and
a song,
It came with a blowing of pale yellow
flame,
It came with a laughter, a tear-silvered
laughter,
And we cupped our hearts up to catch
the rain.

Thick violet sky and a violet mist
Soft on the valley and soft on the hill,
Whisper of willows and the bend of slim
grasses,
And rain-fingers tapping on my window
sill.

Little blue kisses left in the garden,
Little white stars and a dream or two,
And soft on the valley and soft on the
hill
The tear-silvered laughter of the wind
that blew.

Olde

By Frances Nuttall

COME love, my olde true love,
Although our lives today
Are full three quarters spent,
And totter down the way,
We'll tell our olde, olde stories,
And haunt the olde, olde nooks,
We'll see the olde, olde faces,
And read the olde, olde books.
Alas! We'd play at youth,
And stroll a mile or so,
But olde, olde heads are bent,
And olde, olde feet are slow.
We see no more the flowers,
The blue, blue, bright spring skies,
We hear no more the birds,
So dim our ears and eyes,
And all the olde, olde friends
Have gone—long, long ago,
Soon we will totter down,
We're olde and tired and slow—
But while we linger on,
Let's dream the olde days o'er,
When quest and love were young,
And we'd all life before!

Poetry

SEPTEMBER is so full of the glory of summer mellowed with the touch of Autumn's tang that even poetry cannot capture its charm. There's the smoky haze of purple hills; there's the wealth of golden rod; there's the dim, far horizon with poplars standing like sentinels against it. And then there's something about it all which cannot be put into words, except as Carruth put it—"Some of us call it Autumn, and some of us call it God." The poems on the page this month are not strictly Autumn poems, but neither is September strictly Autumn. Both of them are full of beauty and are their own explanation for being.

A Cloud

By Gladys Hendrickson

TONIGHT, you weave yourself about
the moon
A shining wraith of light,
You choose to match the creamy blur
That is my lilac tree in bloom
Against the night.

But yesterday, you were a fragile boat
That drifted slowly on a crystal sky
And just as slowly faded into mist
To let the sunbeams by.

In Tune with the Ringlets

By Grace McKinstry

WHITE, tapering fingers, shining
scented hair,
A curving swaying form, a gentle air,
A fluttering cape, a look of long ago,
Our Peggy has "gone Godey" now, you
know.
Full swirling skirts whose length has
grown apace,
Soft, subtle draperies, pink roses, lace;
Once boyish Peggy! Sweet alluring,
quaint;
Dame Fashion—must our Peggy learn to
faint?

Fragments

By Alberta Huish Christensen

THROUGH open shutters slip phrases
of song,
And out of the past
Upon a time-dimmed path,
Parts of a gold-edged dream
Loiter along.

Frail russet days,—remnant of autumn
mood,
Shattered by winter's breath;
Life—throbbing with youth's glad fire,
Broken by death.

Pioneer

By Vesta Pierce Crawford

YOUR feet have marked a virgin path
Where mine can never go;
Your hands have builded in the soil
With courage I can't know;

Your eyes have seen the vision
That I cannot recall;
Your head has bowed in sorrow
I have not felt at all.

Your heart has dreamed the high dreams
That gild the pilgrim's star;
Your soul has known the builder's joy—
How can I climb as far?

Landscapes

By Weston N. Nordgren

AN artist, lonely, wandering on,
Came to the great
Highway of life,
Where the mingled ties
Of night and day
Are cut by the silver river, dawn.

For awhile he paused, bewildered; then
Swiftly his brush
On canvas flew—
His senses rioted—
His colors blended
And fused, as he caught the scenes for
men.

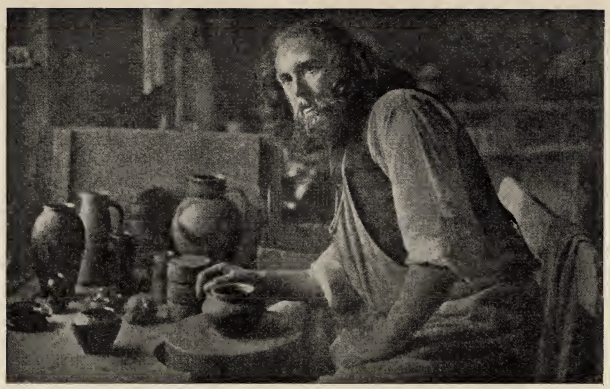
Morning:
Deep in the dewy woodland dell:
Damp, nestling moss;
Tall, waving ferns;
Wood-strawberries;
Dark, trout-filled pools;
Peace, and shrouded mystery's spell.

Noon:
High on the untamed, wind-swept slope:
Bright sunlight's glare;
Blue, smiling sky;
White, drifting clouds;
Gray, pungent sage;
Among the pines, green, living hope.
Night:
Beneath the mellow, watthful moon:
Powdered star-dust
Snared in tangled shadows;
Molten silver splashed
On spots of inky earth;
Tall silhouettes; sleep's healing croon.

Bondage

By Merling Dennis Clyde

MY feet are clay—they hold me.
Gossamer wings I raise
Futile against some unseen strings
That bind me.
My soul cries out to be away,
Where gleams of luring patterns play
In delicate tracery of dreams,
But my feet are clay—
They hold me.



Anton Lang in his workshop. This man has hung on the cross more than thirty-two hours in all the time he has taken the part of Christ.

Oberammergau and the Passion Play

(This graphic description is taken from a letter written to Mrs. A. B. Irvine by her son Wendell, who is laboring as a missionary in Germany. Editors.)

IF all goes well, this letter will arrive before your birthday on the 29th, and as it is to be my only present to you at this time, I want to make it so interesting and full of love, so radiant with the light of my devotion to you, that it will mean more to you than just a letter. As far as interest goes, there is nothing I could tell you that could in any way compare with the Passion Play which we saw last week, and so, to round out the interest side of this letter, I am going to write an account of what I did and saw at Oberammergau, and give my impressions of it all.

WE left Munich last Sunday afternoon with about twenty other missionaries from all parts of Europe, and after a beautiful but crowded ride on one of the special Passion Play trains, arrived in the village of Oberammergau. It is situated high up in the Bavarian Alps, and is guarded on the east and north by rugged and green-clad peaks. The village is of course very small (2,000 inhabitants), is as neat and clean as a hospital, and whether it is an imaginary reaction or not I don't know, but one seems to walk from the train into an atmosphere of divine peace, friendliness and interminable good will. My companion and I were assigned to live with Agathe Schmitt in Haus No. 79, and as we walked up the street of the village with the rest of the 500 Americans who had come on the same train, and who were also looking for their places of dwelling, we saw many interesting and enjoyable sights. The natives of the town, the men with beards and long hair, the women without beards but also with long hair, stood watching our cosmopolitan procession wind its way up the village street. I liked the people of Oberammergau the minute I saw them. They were all courteous and extremely anxious to be of assistance, but at the same time they had a reserve and dignity about them that added greatly to their charm. If you smiled at them they would smile back with appreciation and frankness, but there was nothing of the fawning, favor seeking class to be found among this people. Even the stray cows that stroll up and down the street are not prone to gape and stare, and the village dogs have been taught that barking is a plebian habit which has no place in the quiet of the community Well, after asking two blondes and one brunette (all males) how to find Frau Schmitt's house, we finally wandered through a model barnyard and found ourselves before a newly painted house, which as you can guess, was to be our "home" during our stay. Frau Schmitt was a lovely old lady who said she was glad to have us stay with her, and whose words were confirmed with action. She showed us up to a little room (or rather a big room in a little house); and outside of our room in the Mission Home, I haven't seen a prettier or cleaner room in Europe. Of course we were paying for it, but even then it seemed as if we were receiving special concessions that others did not have. We washed hurriedly, went down

stairs and met Frau Schmitt's brother, who, in 1870, played the part of Joseph who was sold into Egypt, and then we rushed down the lane to meet all the other fellows in front of the post office. We spent the evening walking up and down the "main street," visiting curio shops, and talking with the natives and American tourists. I haven't heard so much English spoken at one time since coming to Europe as I did that night in Oberammergau. Everyone seemed to be talking English, "How much is it?" "Why my dear, they haven't even a bathtub where I'm staying." "We just now saw 'Judas' walking down the street and he's simply darling!" It was as though someone was giving a huge party where all the guests knew one another and talked accordingly. The street was full of milling people. Everyone had a friendly nod for his neighbor, a "good evening," or a "how do you like this place?" All the shops stayed open until ten P. M., for of course they do most of their business at night.

ABOUT this time the crowd started to thin out. There was a feeling of expectation in the air, a thrill of excitement. It was positively tangible, and I know I had the same feeling in my heart that all the rest of those people did, for I realized that something great and wonderful was in store for me, that it would transpire the very next day. The street was almost empty by 10:30, and By and I rushed home to get a good night's rest. Before going to bed we talked awhile with Frau Schmitt about the traditions of the people, about the play, and she told us many interesting things, i. e.: that Anton Lang, who had played "The Christ" for the last three times was deeply hurt when he was not chosen for the role again, but that the council had decided he was too old to carry it. He does, however, read the prologue, and is wonderful; that every native in the town has acting blood in his veins; that rehearsals for the Play began in March; because it was so easy for the people to learn their parts it was unnecessary to start earlier; that Alois Lang, the "Christ" of this year is 33 years old and a keeper of bees as well as a sculptor. She also told us that a cannon would be fired off at 7:30 the next morning, which was a signal that all should start leaving for the theatre, and that at 8 it would be sounded again to denote the beginning of the Play. We went to bed like children on Xmas eve. We were up at 7 the next morning, had dressed and eaten and were just leaving the house for the theatre when we heard a dull boom that echoed throughout the entire valley. I had forgotten about the cannon until then. The morning was warm but it was very foggy, and heavy clouds were hanging over us. At five minutes to eight we were in our seats, and at that time the theatre was almost packed. You have no doubt seen pictures of it. It is covered by an arched roof as far as the stage itself, and that stands in the open. Behind the scenes and the buildings forming the stage one sees the green towering peaks, the "Guardians of Oberammergau."

Photo by Elder John T. Quinney

NATIVES AND FRIENDS
(*They liked their native costumes best*)

THE play begins at 8 a. m., lasts until 6 p. m. with a two hour pause for lunch. At 8 o'clock the vast auditorium was practically hushed. A trumpet blast, a sweet thrill through one's entire body, and the Passion Play had begun! It would take hours to give a detailed account of the presentation, but I am sending you a copy of the text in English, which people buy to follow the play. I wish every one in the family would read it through, for I think you will find it beautiful. Of course if you could hear those lines spoken as they were in the Play, it would make it 100% more wonderful. I bought a German text and followed it in German, although I could hear and understand almost all that was said. I wish, Mother dear, I had the power to describe the feelings I had during the time I witnessed that spectacle. I guess it meant much more to me than it did to the people who have but little interest in such things, but having studied the life of the Savior, preached on it, and having tried in a very imperfect way to imitate it, I was, as were all the other missionaries, in a much better position to see and appreciate its full worth. The music was splendid and the singing very beautiful. I was a little afraid the acting would be somewhat amateurish, but I have never seen anything more wonderful. It was simply superb. Alois Lang, as the Savior, was, as far as I could see, without fault. In fact he acted just as I had always thought the Savior would act. His voice was deep and rich, his manner gentle and kindly, and yet, when he drove the merchants out of the temple, his anger and passion were marvelous. As I watched him I thought, "That man *must* live a godly life or he could never produce such a perfect characterization." Every character in the Play was well portrayed, but those that appealed to me most were Judas, John, Peter, and Mary Magdalene (outside of Alois Lang of course). Next to A. Lang I thought Judas was the most perfectly characterized. His actions, his look of greed, his fear,

and finally his remorse for the betrayal were perfectly conveyed. John, the beloved, was played by a light-haired boy of 21 years. He was almost an ideal John,—loving, fearful for the safety of his Master, and true to the core to his ideals. Peter was also excellent. He, too, was practically perfect in his character, and when he denied his Master, (the three times before the crowing of the cock) he rose to sublime heights. Mary Magdalene radiated love and adoration, and was a marvelous actress. Her words at the close of the Play after she has seen Jesus and been told by him not to touch him were given with such spirit and warmth that I tingled all over. She had a beautiful speaking voice.

I THOUGHT the entire Play was wonderful of course, but there were three parts that impressed me particularly. The first was when Jesus bade farewell to his mother at Bethany and told her that this was his earthly farewell to her. This scene was full of emotion, and there was not a dry eye among the five thousand spectators. Some of the women were sobbing almost uncontrollably. The second scene was when the Savior is in the Garden of Gethsemane and offers his prayer to the Lord, how he so gently rebuked the three disciples he had commissioned to keep watch while he prayed, for falling asleep, and the anguish of his words to his Father: "If it be possible, let the cup pass from me: nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt." People say this scene will make Alois Lang more famous than his relative Anton in the role of the Savior, even though there is little to choose between them. The third, and to me the most impressive, was the crucifixion. It was staged with startling reality, and, as if to add effect to the tragic scene, the sky darkened outside, and dull rays of light fell upon the three figures on the crosses. Jesus, with pain and resignation written on his white face, hung on the middle cross, and one of the thieves on each side of him. It was a magnificent and beautiful moment, when Jesus, after telling the one thief that he would be with him in paradise, looked down at the foot of the cross, and with a voice hushed with pain, but clear in its beauty, said to his mother, Mary: "Woman, behold thy son!" And as long as I live, I shall never forget the last words of tortured anguish: "Eloi! Eloi! lama sabachthani?" and then, with a voice scarcely above a whisper and yet audible throughout the whole auditorium, a voice that thrilled you with its sweet tone of resignation and relief,—"It is finished! Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit."

ANTON LANG AND HIS FAMILY

THE entire Play was supplemented with living tableaux that were the most beautiful and artistic I had ever seen, and the very last one showing the Savior ascending to heaven left me weak. These living pictures contributed a great deal to the beauty of the Play. I can't say any more about it all except that it was the most wonderful experience of my life, and it is my greatest hope, and will be my determined ambition to bring you and Dad over to see it the next time it is put on.

AFTER the Play we talked to some of the characters, had our pictures taken with Anton Lang, "Mary," and "Mary Magdalene," (I am enclosing one of the latter, and will send some others later) and all of them were just as friendly and unassuming as they could be, but they *do* hate to have a fuss made over them. Alois Lang was going to dinner with the Queen of Roumania (of whom we also got a snap-shot) but we saw him walk through the street of the village after the Play tagged and hounded by autograph seekers. If the poor fellow manages to keep in his character all summer it will be a wonder. He seemed very gracious and anxious to please, despite the annoyance he must have felt. The people of that little village are just as charming and pleasing as they can be, and although there is a good deal of commercialism connected with the Passion Play now, you don't find the slightest hint of it among the people themselves.

The next morning after bidding our dear old Frau Schmitt adieu, we caught our train for Munich, leaving behind one of the most beautiful villages in the world, but taking with us as our very own a beautiful memory and a fuller appreciation of the life of Jesus of Nazareth.

A NOTED scientist has declared that before many years the chemical laboratory will be able to produce the identical alkaloids of nature such as lime, potash, soda, ammonia, etc., bearing all the characteristics essential to producing a productive soil. This will certainly be a great achievement. But let it be remembered, there can be no soil productiveness without a seed germ planted in it; and after all, the secret of the seed's life, the one element which alone can prove productiveness, will still be as impossible of imitation as it ever has been. God alone knows that secret, and he alone knows how to store it; and only he will impart or will not impart that secret to the chemist.

—Arthur T. Pierson.

Expatriation

By

HUGH J. CANNON

Chapter Two

THE *Maui* was about to sail from its San Francisco pier for Honolulu. The hurry and confusion inseparable from such a departure prevailed. Porters were carrying the last of the luggage aboard, and the final sack of mail had been swung to the deck. Cautious ones had already taken farewell of friends on the wharf, preferring to lose a few moments of conversation rather than run the risk of being left.

Mr. and Mrs. Redfield and their adopted daughter were near the gangway. Silent and oppressed they stood, one of the girl's hands in her father's and the other in her mother's. For Nell, after a tearful appeal from the woman who had cared for her with such tender love, had repented of the determination never again to address them by those sacred titles.

THE pungent smell of the sea, of paint, of tar and rope came to Nell as it had a score of years before when she was leaving Apia. Associated with the odor was the fact that then, too, tears had been shed because she must say good-bye to some loved ones, and even in her present trouble she recalled that during all the intervening years a combination of any two of these odors had invariably brought a feeling of deep and, until now, unaccountable depression.

"Not for two years, Father," she said at last, "must you think of bringing Mother to see me. It will take at least that long to work out my plans. After that, if everything seems favorable, I shall be so happy to see you. But remember, it's to be a visit only. My future is to be with the island natives, and you couldn't endure the tropical climate."

IN spite of good resolutions Mrs. Redfield broke down. "But my baby girl, you can't endure the climate either! And it's worse than death to think of you alone among those half-civilized peoples."

Nell made a courageous effort to smile. "Now, Mother, you're forgetting our solemn agreement to be cheerful at the last minute."

That's right, Mother," put in Mr. Redfield. His own lips were trembling as with palsy, and tears were running down his checks. "We are to give our brave daughter an encouraging send-off. The last thing she sees must be smiles."

A HEAVILY laden porter passed and Nell saw the initials N. E. on one of the bags. It startled her. She and Nate had planned such a trip as a honeymoon, a visit to Hawaii and Samoa, and the thought that those same letters might have been on her own luggage, that a very dear one would be going with her toward a future full of promise, undermined the determination to be calm. Now the hateful contrast, journeying alone, under such circumstances, stealing away from her lover to avoid a parting too painful to endure, looking into a future not brightened by a single ray of sunshine! Fortunately the sustaining arms of the judge were ready, otherwise she might have fallen. Mrs. Redfield called to a porter for a glass of water.

The girl smiled pitifully. "I'm all right, Mother. It was my soul's last despairing struggle against leaving you."

FORTUNATELY the steamer's whistle sounded its final warning to passengers that in another moment all connection between ship and shore would be severed, for the girl had reached the limit of her strength.

Bidding a hasty good-bye to her parents she stumbled blindly up the gangway and no sooner had she put foot on deck than the great vessel began, almost imperceptibly at first, to move away from the pier. She leaned against the rail and waved a handkerchief in the general direction of the spot where her loved ones stood. Through blurred eyes she could barely distinguish their outlines.

Long she stood there, silently weeping and gripping an iron upright with such intensity that when she finally removed her cramped hand it took some of the paint with it. How could the sun shine amid so much darkness? It seemed sinful. The *Maui* passed the Golden Gate and into the ocean. Then she murmured brokenly, "Farewell America, good-bye Father, Mother, Nate, good-bye home and hope." With unsteady steps she went to her cabin.

DURING all of the first day Nell's eyes were too red

Philosophy

HAD I loved less nobly,
You and I might now
Have our Loaf and verses
Underneath the bough.

Might have braved opinions,
Tasted all delights,
Viewed together these drear depths
From our starry heights.

Had I loved less wisely,
You might once have cried,
"All your kisses warm me not
Since honor died!"

—*Rosannah Cannon.*

and swollen to admit of her appearing on deck or in the dining salon. She therefore remained in her cabin. Many hours were spent in a futile attempt to revive shadowy memories of her real parents. The features of a quiet, grave man whose dim image was tall and who was kind and tender could not be recalled. From childhood, memory of her mother had been somewhat clear; the dark hair and eyes had seemed exquisitely beautiful; but now this mental picture was inexpressibly ugly. The hair instead of being wavy was kinky, and the woman's smile, which she had remembered as something attractive, and indeed had tried to imitate, was now a repulsive grin, emanating from thick, sensuous lips.

WITHOUT mercy she stripped from the form, which memory and imagination had created, every vestige of beauty and left of it nothing but a coarse negro wench. She, Lilly Nell Redfield, pronounced the most attractive girl in her home city and modestly proud of the fact, had been given life by such a creature; from such flesh and blood had she come.

Besides these dim recollections of her parents, she could confusedly remember the terror of the people during the disastrous storm which had wrecked their home and killed her father and mother. Also in her mind was a picture of the great warships lying wrecked on the rocks of the harbor. They had passed close by them as she was leaving Apia for the United States with her newly acquired parents. There were other formless images,

JUDGE AND MRS. REDFIELD

people whom it seemed she knew well, but memory, though tantalizing her with promises of excursions refused to conduct her into the details of their names and lives.

THE only incident of the homeward journey which could be revived was her delight and excitement at the myriads of flying fish emerging like clouds of silver from the water, as Mr. and Mrs. Redfield held her at the rail of the vessel. One of these, she remembered, had landed on the deck, and she was inconsolable because the cat had eaten it before it could be rescued.

Before entering upon this present journey, she had, in consultation with her father, decided that a stay of a few weeks in the Hawaiian Islands would be advisable. It was thought that acquaintance with the more modernized natives of that group would make the transition from her past life to the one which awaited her less abrupt than it otherwise would be.

A VIOLENT attack of sea-sickness, added to her mental troubles, made Nell wish most devoutly that the boat would go to the bottom, and right speedily. That fate seemed to her inevitable. No ship could weather such a sea, and therefore the sooner this wretched internal turmoil ceased the better. For twenty-four hours she was glad she was not on her honeymoon. It would be terrible to be as ill as this with a husband looking on, or perhaps equally afflicted.

However, unbelievable as it seemed to her, sea-sickness always comes to an end. She awoke early on the morning of the third day out with the feeling that the fresh air would prove a wholesome stimulant. However, she had but little confidence in her ability as a sailor and decided to go on deck while a majority of the passengers still slept, so that there would be few if any observers in the event that the dreaded malady again overcame her.

A STIFF breeze, well laden with salty spray, was blowing, and this made Nell duck her head as she came on the port side of the vessel. Suddenly she bumped into a man who, instead of

"Left of it nothing but a coarse negro wench."

apologizing, seized her in his arms and kissed her time and time again. One upward look and the astonished girl no longer tried to tear herself away from the embrace. She was in Nate's arms and, weakened by her mental and physical ills, had real need of support. They clung to each other as though each feared another immediate separation impended.

"Forgive me, Nell, for frightening you so," he pleaded at last.

"Oh Nate, what are you doing here? I thought you had gone to New York."

"What a contemptible cad I'd be to let you go off alone to that accursed land. I'm going with you and see that you are properly located. Then if you insist, I'll come back."

"Nate, can't you understand? You are making it so much harder for me."

"Harder? Why, I'm only trying to make it easier."

"But we went over that so many times at home. I know, and Father and Mother unwillingly agree that my plan is the only sane one."

THE rocking vessel made it necessary for them to lean against the rail for support. He held her hand and kissed it whenever the backs of the few early risers were turned.

"Listen to me, sweetheart. I'm aboard the boat and can't leave it without committing suicide before we reach Honolulu. I know all your arguments, but in spite

(*Continued on page 780*)

Foods for Health

IT is said that there are two classes of people, dietetically speaking—those who live to eat and those who eat to live. General as this classification is, there is doubtless an element of truth in it, and one of the interesting present-day studies in nutrition is the analysis of the situation and the discovering of what is right and what is wrong with each of the two groups.

Within the past few decades, foods and the combination of foods have become increasing prominent factors in the scientific study of health. Within the memory of a great many of us, people generally lived to eat, but many of them did not live long and so the searchlight of science was turned upon the subject and new conclusions reached.

What a picture was the Sunday dinner of olden days—mountains of mashed potatoes, rivers of fat gravy, quantities of dried corn in cream, great saddles of mutton or rumps of beef, platoons of hot biscuits swimming in butter, pies, cakes and puddings, with an array of spiced peaches, chili sauce, pickled cherries, mustard pickles, other relishes and condiments disappearing with incredible rapidity and in unbelievable amounts. Meals must be ample, and Aunt Susan's reputation for efficiency depended upon the number of desserts she served at a sitting just as surely as Uncle Hyrum's rating as a good provider hinged upon his ability to buy flour by the barrel, sugar in great quantities and other store commodities in like measure.

Children had tantrums, girls had fainting spells and boys had atrociously spotted complexions, while adults discussed their various inexplicable ailments with great gusto and partook regularly of bicarbonate of soda if nothing worse, and none of them connected these irregularities with their food. Gout was respected as a rich man's disease—he could afford the rich foods which brought it on, and in that light stood out as a pillar of society. Obesity was the rule and slenderness anathema. If one couldn't have enough to eat, one might just as well be dead; if one did have enough, one frequently found oneself unexpectedly so.

At that time agricultural conditions were far from what they are today. Large cities were few and far between, and in smaller places practically every family owned at least a small garden and a few fruit trees as well as their

own cows and chickens. With all the facilities at hand eating might easily have been a virtuous matter of fresh fruits, vegetables, eggs and milk had not the cabbage been made into sour-kraut, the fruit spiced and pickled, the eggs put into pastries and the skim milk fed to the pigs to make slabs of bacon and pails of lard.

Out of the midst of their condition of misunderstanding and indigestion came forth a revelation from the Lord himself, given through the youthful, untaught prophet Joseph Smith: It was the "Word of Wisdom," given in 1833, which reads:

"A Word of Wisdom, for the benefit of the council of high priests, assembled in Kirtland, and the Church, and also the saints in Zion. To be sent greeting; not by commandment or constraint, but by revelation and the word of wisdom, showing forth the order and will of God in the temporal salvation of all saints in the last days. Given for a principle with promise, adapted to the capacity of the weak and the weakest of all saints, who are or can be called saints. Behold, verily, thus saith the Lord unto you: In consequence of evils and designs which do and will exist in the hearts of conspiring men in the last days, I have warned you, and forewarned you, by giving unto you this word of wisdom by revelation. That inasmuch as any man drinketh wine or strong drink among you, behold it is not good, neither meet in the sight of your Father, only in assembling yourselves together to offer up your sacraments before him. And, behold this should be wine, yea, pure wine of the grape of the vine, of your own make. And, again, strong drinks are not for the belly, but for the washing of your bodies. And again, tobacco is not for the body, neither for the belly, and is not good for man, but is an herb for bruises and all sick cattle, to be used with judgment and skill. And again, hot drinks are not for the body or belly. And again, verily I say unto you, all wholesome herbs God hath ordained for the constitution, nature, and use of man. Every herb in the season thereof, and every fruit in the season thereof; all these to be used with prudence and thanksgiving. Yea, flesh also of beasts and of the fowls of the air, I the Lord, have ordained for the use of man with thanksgiving; nevertheless they are to be used sparingly; And it is pleasing unto me that they should not be used, only in times of winter, or of cold, or famine.

"All grain is ordained for the use of man and of beasts, to be the staff of life, not only for man but for the beasts of the field, and the fowls of heaven, and all wild animals that run or creep on the earth; and these hath God made for the use of man only in times of famine and excess of hunger. All grain is good for the good of man; as also the fruit of the vine; that which yieldeth fruit, whether in the ground or above the ground. Nevertheless, wheat for man, and corn for the ox, and oats for the horse, and rye for the fowls and for swine, and for all beasts of the field, and barley for all useful animals, and for mild drinks, as also other grain.

"And all saints who remember to keep and do these sayings, walking in obedience to the commandments, shall receive health in their navel and marrow to their bones; And shall find wisdom and great treasures of knowledge, even hidden treasures; And shall run and not be weary, and shall walk and not faint. And I, the Lord, give unto them a promise, that the destroying angel shall pass by them, as the children of Israel, and not slay them. Amen."

No one knows what effect those 19th century revelations had upon the brilliant minds of the time, but much of the progress of the new world has followed the spiritual awakening of 1830, and today the leading dieticians and food-chemists are sending forth warnings which echo in every detail the message given through Joseph Smith in 1833.

Laboratory experiments have been conducted which prove that in spite of chronic ill health and even hereditary weakness of some forms, proper food will produce vigor and health, and conversely that a strong animal organism can be reduced to weakness and apathy by means of food deficiencies of various sorts.

The span and quality of life is affected in astounding measure and for good or ill, by the quality or quantity of food taken into the body.

Through the efforts of thinking

scientists and teachers, a consciousness of the importance of correct diet has been aroused in many people. Eating habits are materially better than they were; health is unquestionably more general. Sickness is not so popular and the pallid anemic, fainting type girl is as rare today as is the sickly youth. Athletic training rules, courses of study for young and old, sanitarium information, such boy and girl activity movements as the Boy Scouts and Bee-Hive organizations, all co-operate in disseminating desirable knowledge and arousing appreciation of the necessity for its application in the lives of those who would be healthy, wealthy and wise. Variety in diet—a popular notion of safety—has been proven ineffective unless it is a balanced variety. There must be supplied not only the older requirements of carbohydrates, proteins, fats and minerals, but in addition the foods containing the health-giving vitamines so vital in producing correct physiological conditions.

Through a process of study and experiment it has become generally recognized that certain foods must be eaten to produce certain results. Diets including these are known as protective diets, for they provide the elements necessary to physical well-being. In general and briefly these can be listed or summed-up as follows: Whole grain, milk, butter, cheese, and eggs; leafy and root vegetables; and fresh fruit, including tomatoes, berries and melons; and some meat.

As a change for the family and a step toward living the Word of Wisdom, the following recipes for Meat Substitutes are given for use during the warm months. In some, a little meat is used to give flavor and body, and incidentally to make the family think they are eating meat. There are methods in all things; the wise housewife provides health-giving foods without placing undue emphasis upon the health part, and more upon the attractiveness, palatability and sociability of the meal-time hour.

Tested Recipes

Salmon Souffle

2 tb. butter
2 tb. flour
1 c. milk
1 c. salmon
2 eggs, pinch of salt

Make white sauce of milk, butter, salt and flour. Remove from fire and add the chopped salmon and yolks of eggs well-beaten, and finally egg whites beaten stiff. Place in pan of hot water and bake.

Potato Croquettes

2 c. hot riced potatoes
1 egg yolk
1 t. finely chopped parsley
2 tb. butter
⅛ t. pepper
½ t. salt

Mix ingredients, beat thoroughly and cool. Shape in balls, dip in cracker crumbs and egg and fry.

Rarebit

½ c. rich milk
2 c. cheese
2 tb. butter
Dash of cayenne
2 eggs
½ t. salt
¼ t. soda

Heat milk and cheese in top of double-boiler. When cheese is melted add butter and pour mixture over eggs slightly beaten. Return to double-boiler, add soda and seasoning. Stir constantly until smooth and thick. Serve at once on slices of toast or crisp crackers.

Cheese Souffle

2 tb. butter
2 tb. flour
½ c. scalded milk
½ t. salt
⅛ t. cayenne
½ c. grated cheese
3 eggs

Melt butter, add flour. When well mixed add scalded milk and beat until thick. When cool add cheese, salt, cayenne, and egg-yolks well beaten. Stir well. Beat in the whites (beaten stiff.) Bake slowly in buttered dish for 20 minutes.

Eggs A La Golden Rod

4 eggs
2 tb. butter
1 tb. flour
2 c. hot milk
1 c. grated cheese
Olives and paprika

Dice cold, hard-boiled eggs. Melt butter, add flour, and when well blended add hot milk, boil, season with paprika. Add eggs and cheese and cook until cheese is melted. Serve on buttered toast garnished with olives.

Stuffed Egg Plant

1 large egg plant
1 c. soft stale bread crumbs
½ c. cooked corn (if desired)
2 tb. bacon fat
½ tb. grated cheese
1 egg
Salt and pepper

Put egg plant in boiling salted water and cook until tender (about 20 min.) Cut slice from top and remove pulp with a big spoon, being careful not to break the skin. Chop pulp and add bread crumbs. Cook bacon fat and onion about 5 min., add to first mixture. Let cool while beating the egg and fill egg plant with mixture. Cover with coarse crumbs, dot with bits of butter and bake 25 min. in hot oven.

Green peppers or tomatoes may be used the same way.

Corn and Cheese Souffle

1 tb. green peppers (chopped)
1 tb. butter
1 c. grated cheese
2 c. milk
¼ c. flour
1 c. corn
3 eggs
½ t. salt

Heat butter and cook chopped peppers in it thoroughly. Make sauce by adding cheese, milk and flour. Add yolks of eggs slightly beaten, corn and seasoning. Fold in egg whites stiffly beaten. Place in buttered baking dish and bake 30 min. in moderate oven.

Pimento Roast

2 c. cooked lima beans
¾ c. of cream or cottage cheese
3 canned pimentoes
Bread crumbs
Butter and water

Put beans, pimentoes and bread through food chopper, mix all thoroughly and add bread crumbs until stiff enough to form a ball or roll. Brown in oven and baste occasionally with water and butter.

Meatless Meat Loaf

2 c. cooked beans
2 c. bread crumbs
1 c. chopped nuts
1 pepper chopped fine
1 egg
2 tb. melted butter
Salt and pepper

Mix, shape in loaf and bake 30 minutes in moderate oven. Garnish with walnut halves and serve with tomato sauce.

Tomato Sauce

1 tb. butter
1 tb. flour
1½ c. tomato juice
Pepper and salt
1 t. sugar. Pinch of soda
Diced onion

Blend butter and flour, add other ingredients and boil until thick.

Hot Cheese Sandwiches

½ lb. American cheese (grated)
1 tb. melted butter
½ c. milk
½ t. mustard
1 egg
Paprika; salt

Mix into a smooth paste. Spread between slices of bread. Fry the sandwich in butter until both sides are nicely browned.

Italian Spaghetti

1 onion
¼ c. salad oil
Pepper and salt
¼ c. flour
1 tb. sugar
½ c. water
3 c. strained tomato juice
½ lb. spaghetti (boiled tender in salted water)
½ c. grated cheese.

Add pepper and onion to oil. Cook until brown. Make paste of flour, sugar and water, and add, in three installments, to oil. Cook each time until well blended. Add tomato juice and salt. Cook thirty minutes. Pour sauce over cooked spaghetti and sprinkle with cheese.

Note: The above recipes were prepared by members of the Bannock, Blackfoot and Wayne Stake Boards of Y. L. M. I. A.

September An Interesting Month

By

L. D. STEARNS

THE observance of Labor Day, which occurs in September, is very general in this country. It is celebrated, not by an extra amount of work, as one might almost be led to expect, but by cessation of labor, making it a day of amusement, or rest, according to one's individual desire. It puts a period, as it were, to the glorious summer season. It is the beginning of new things—autumn—school—fall flowers—the witchery of scarlet and gold that transforms the earth for a brief period into a most colorful fairyland.

AMERICA was the first country to recognize and celebrate this holiday. On the first Monday in September, 1882, and again in 1884, the Knights of Labor—a secret society formed in 1869—marched through the streets of New York City, thus starting a labor demonstration which was continued in following years on this same day, becoming established as a legal holiday in 1887 and 1888 in a few of the states. Other states followed in 1889 and 1890; and in 1893 nineteen states were added to the others. In 1894, congress made the first Monday in September a legal holiday in the District of Columbia and other federal districts, and for all government employees throughout the nation. State legislation followed this action, until, at the present time, it is universally observed. Most of the states make it a legal holiday by statute. In a few states, however, it is proclaimed a holiday by the governor.

In Europe, May 1st is the date of the celebration, the day being generally observed by enormous gatherings of workmen.

"Work!
Thank God for the pride of it,
For the beautiful, conquering tide of it,
Sweeping the life in its furious flood,
Thrilling the arteries, cleansing the blood,
Mastering stupor and dull despair,
Moving the dreamer to do and dare.
Oh, what is so good as the urge of it,
And what is so glad as the surge of it,
And what is so strong as its summons deep,
Rousing the torpid soul from sleep.

* * * * *

Thank God for a world where none may shirk—
Thank God for the splendor of work!"

—*Angela Morgan.*

THE atmosphere of brisk activity now ushered in, is —or should be—an incentive to deeper and more sustained exertion toward some worth-while achievement, or goal. It is the time to start overcoming handicaps and strengthening weaknesses. If one's education is deficient, or one's work-a-day business ability—shorthand, perhaps,—below par, during the long, cool evenings just ahead one can work, no matter how slowly, to higher ground. "Labor," said Homer, "conquers all things." Horace Mann voices the same thought in the words, "Genius may conceive, but patient labor must consummate."

In September, the grapes are ripe and one should remember that they are not only luscious, but healthful, it being generally claimed that the unfermented grape juice improves digestion, decreases intestinal fermentation, and enriches the blood. "Grape Cures" have long been common, especially in Europe. There are numberless ways in which they may be used, and now is the time to experiment with them a bit. There is grape punch, grape sherbet, grape ice-cream, grape gelatin, grape lemonade, grape blanc-mange, grape pie, spiced grapes, jelly, jam, and so on, almost indefinitely.

TRY a salad this month made of a combination of pine-apple, cut into small cubes, sliced bananas, halved grapes and nut meats, with a cream mayonnaise.

A delicious drink is made by placing two tablespoonfuls of grape juice in a glass with the beaten white of one egg, and adding chopped ice and sugar to taste.

Grapes, served with orange juice, are particularly palatable. The grapes should be halved and the seeds removed with a small pointed knife, then placed in sherbet glasses and sprinkled with sugar, covered with orange juice and a spoonful of shaved ice dropped over the top.

Like August, September has but few notable birth anniversaries; but it is a month that stands forth, pre-eminently, as having been the birth month of many important national events. September 3rd, 1783, was the first day upon which our nation was really free from the control of foreign power, the treaty with Great Britain, acknowledging the independence of the American Colonies, being signed upon that date.

THE Constitution of the United States, for the avowed purpose of establishing justice, securing liberty and providing for the defense of such liberty from all enemies, both within and without, was adopted September 17th, 1787.

By the Judiciary Act of September 24, 1789, the Supreme Court of the United States was effected.

Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation was promulgated September 22, 1862.

Balboa discovered the Pacific Ocean September 26th, 1513.

American control was established in Cuba September 29, 1906, at which time President Palma and Cabinet resigned.

Four hundred and eight years ago, this month of September, our globe was first circumnavigated by man. Great things have happened since then. We no longer strain our eyes by candlelight. Over the radio, music and the human voice can be heard from shore to shore. The airplane has ceased to be a wonder. What the next four hundred years shall bring forth, one cannot even guess. But that the great Plan of Life will go steadily on, we may be sure.

AMONG the notable birthday anniversaries of the month are those of Eugene Field, the "Children's Poet," Phoebe Cary, James Fennimore Cooper, William Howard Taft, former president of the United States, Samuel Adams, a member of the American Congress and one of the strongest advocates for the political separation of this country from Great Britain, and Zachary Taylor, our 12th president.

Mormon Caravan to Independence Rock

By JOHN D. GILES

Member of Y. M. M. I. A. General Board

AFTER keeping its lonely vigil in the heart of the desert for untold centuries before white men ventured into the west and for a full hundred years since Anglo-Saxons first climbed its sturdy sides, Independence Rock, or "Rock Independence" as it was known in early days, has at last been recognized as the outstanding landmark on the old Pioneer trail to the west and has been shown honor such as comes to few landmarks in history.

The "Sentinel of the Plains," or "Register of the Desert," as it was named in 1840 by Father De Smet, greeted nearly fifteen thousand persons at the celebration held from July 3 to 6 this year, although the nearest city is 55 miles away. When such a gathering will brave the summer sun in a desert valley to participate in exercises honoring the Pioneers who conquered the desert and made it "blossom as the rose," there is reason to believe that the pioneer spirit still lives.

INDEPENDENCE ROCK is in Wyoming. It is 66 miles north of Rawlins, now on the main highway from East to West and 55 miles from Casper, the oil city built on the site of old Fort Casper, not far from the Fort Laramie of early days. Five miles west is Devil's Gate, frequently referred to in "Mormon" Pioneer journals, and still further West are Split Rock, Ice Spring, Rocky Ridge, Rock Creek Hollow, the famous South Pass and Pacific Spring.

This celebration was sponsored by the Oregon Trail Memorial Association, with headquarters in New York, commemorating the starting of the first covered wagon train to the West. The Covered Wagon Centennial, made a National event by the proclamation of President Hoover, extended from April 10, anniversary of the date the first covered wagon train left St. Louis for the West, to December 29, the birthday anniversary of Ezra Meeker, Oregon Pioneer and organizer of the Oregon Trail Memorial Association. Representatives of practically every state in the union gathered at the famous landmark and participated in one of the most unique and impressive celebrations in the history of the West.

Joining with the sponsors was the National Council of Boy Scouts of America through the headquarters in New York, and from many states the finest specimens of young manhood imaginable came to do honor to those early scouts who created and glorified the traditions the present-day scouts are so earnestly following.

RELIGIOUS, civic and business groups also joined in the celebration, giving representation to all classes and creeds. For three days the novel celebration continued, each day developing more and more reverence and respect of the participants for the noble achievements of the Pioneers.

The "Mormon" caravan, under the leadership of Elder George Albert Smith, of the Council of the Twelve and General Superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A., ably assisted by Ruth May Fox, General President of the Y. L. M. I. A., gave representation at the ceremonies to the descendants of the "Mormon" Pioneers of 1847 and later years. The caravan, numbering 93 persons, left Salt Lake City early July 2. The journey started officially from the monument at the mouth of Emigration Canyon, marking the spot where Brigham Young made the memorable declaration, "This is the Place." Here pictures were taken and President B. H. Roberts, one of the greatest living authorities on "Mormon" Pioneer history, outlined the journey of the Pioneers and laid a foundation for the information to be furnished the party later.

Hon. Geo. Albert Smith, Leader of the Mormon Pioneer Caravan to Independence Rock, Wyoming, July 5, 1930.

AT Mountain Dell, in Parley's canyon, named for Parley P. Pratt, who pioneered that section and built the first roads, Andrew Jenson, assistant Church Historian and a walking encyclopedia of facts and information regarding the Pioneers and all Church history, pointed out the old trail as it leads from Big Mountain, down the Mountain Dell creek to the point where it crosses Little Mountain and enters Emigration canyon.

Ruth May Fox on Glaus boulder, on top of Independence Rock, Wyoming, July 4, 1930.

At Gorgorza, the historians detailed the journey through East Canyon and up Big Mountain where the Saints obtained their first glorious view of the Salt Lake valley. The caravan then proceeded through Parley's Park, past Kimballs' ranch with its overland stage station and barn, down Silver Creek canyon, which became the Pioneer trail in 1862, and into the valley of the Weber.

The next stop, following lunch at Coalville, was at Echo canyon. Here President Roberts told the story of the early days on the trail, of the "echo" rocks, Pulpit rock, Redden's cave, Johnson's army and other important incidents.

FORT BRIDGER, one of the best known of all the landmarks of the West, was the night stop, with ample time for a leisurely tour of the old fort grounds. With W. C. (Bill) Casto, manager of the camp grounds at the post, as the guide, the party visited the points of interest and listened to the story of the old landmark from one of the best informed men alive today. The presence of our historians, President Roberts and Andrew Jenson, with their wealth of information, made the tour one of exceptional interest and members of the party left the spot reluctantly.

Lying about five miles west of Lyman, Wyoming, in the heart of the beautiful Bridger valley, the fort has been an outstanding landmark since its establishment in 1834, as a trading post by Jim Bridger. In its early days, Fort Bridger was the western outpost. To it came trappers and traders from all parts of the mountain country. It is said of Bridger that he never turned away anyone in need and was friend to Indian and white alike.

WHEN the Pioneer trains began coming West, Fort Bridger took on new importance. Here the Pioneers could get first-hand information regarding the country, and in the summer months there was plenty of grass for the animals. By the time the "Mormon" Pioneers reached the West, Fort Bridger had been developed into a trading post of some proportions.

To the Hand-Cart Pioneers Resting in Martin's Hollow in Wyoming

By Ruth May Fox

DREARY the way and long,
Brave Hand-cart Pioneers;
Cold were the winds and strong,
Many their hopes and fears.

And many saw Death's wraith
Glide o'er the fateful spot;
But still they looked with faith
To Him who faileth not.

Fiercely the snows came down,
Closing their eyes to the light,
Weaving a shroud and crown,
Ending the toilsome fight.

Soft is their rest and sweet,
Though distant they lie and lone;
Angels their resting-place greet,
God remembers His own.

The caravan party visited the old home of Judge Carter, within the Fort, the buildings erected by Johnston's army in 1858, and then on the west side of the fort grounds were directed to the remains of the old "Mormon" wall built by the early Saints in 1853 after Brigham Young had purchased the property from Bridger for a price said to have been around $70,000. Nearby is the site of Bridger's old home, where he lived in the early days as a trapper with his Indian wives. Twelve miles up the creek is the site of old Fort Supply, established by Brigham Young as a point where Pioneer trains from the East could replenish their supplies for the balance of the journey to the valley. Fort Supply was the first Anglo-Saxon settlement in what is now Wyoming. At that time the Post Office addresses of both Fort Bridger and Fort Supply were Green River County, Utah. In 1868 this portion of Utah was assigned to Wyoming.

In all the history of Fort Bridger, during its ownership by its founder, by the "Mormons" or by the Government following the arrival of Johnston's army there is no record of it ever having been attacked by Indians. The Sioux and Shoshone Indians once had a bitter battle at this point, but from the time the place was estab-

Prize-winning camp of troup 41, Yale Ward, Salt Lake City (right foreground), at Independence Rock, Wyo., July 4, 1930. Pathfinder reservoir in distance.

lished by Bridger it was never attacked.

OVER five hundred people from Lyman, Milburn, Mountain View, Carter and other towns in the Bridger valley joined in the spirited and impressive Pioneer campfire meeting at the Fort held that evening. In the group were four persons who had walked across the plains in early days, 28 whose parents came in 1847, nearly 100 whose parents came before 1869, when the railroad reached Utah and nearly 200 whose grandparents had been Pioneers. Under the direction of Elder George Albert Smith, our big scout chief, Oscar A. Kirkham, master of ceremonies par excellence, conducted the service around an Indian "star" fire. Stories and songs of the plains made up the program and cheer after cheer went up in honor of the Pioneers, including those present and those who had passed on.

Early morning of July 3 saw us on our way, through Lyman, past Church Buttes and then off the old trail along the newer highway to the south of the original route to Green River, Rock Springs and Rawlins, where the caravan turned north to meet the old trail again near Devil's Gate.

In the late afternoon of July 3, the party passed Devil's Gate, proceeded up the Sweetwater valley, crossed the river of the same name and reached the great mass of gray granite called Independence Rock. Elaborate preparations had been made for the historic gathering that was already under way when the party from Utah and Idaho arrived. Under the direction of W. C. Wessell, assistant director of camping of the National Council of the Boy Scouts of America, a model camp had been prepared. Near the rock, in a huge circle the Boy Scouts were camped.

Right here some space should be devoted to the scouts and the part they played in the celebration. From all parts of the United States they came, one of the finest groups of boys ever gathered together at one time in America. Under direction of the National Council, caravans had been organized to follow the old trails as nearly as possible and to stop at important historic points.

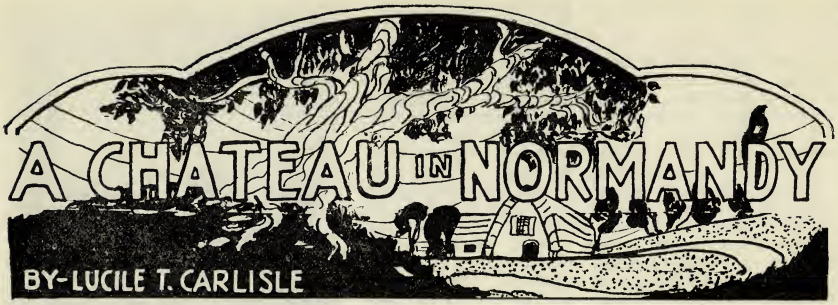
FROM each council represented had come the "crack" troops, the fellows who were outstanding. A nation-wide competition in camping had added interest to the trek and each council was determined to carry home the trophy. The L. D. S. scouts were represented by Troop 41 from Yale ward in the Salt Lake Council, under Scoutmaster William A. Dunn, Assistant Scoutmaster Dr. D. L. Folsom, and Field Executive D. L. Roberts, Troop 61 from Cornish ward in the Cache Valley Council under Scoutmaster Leland Bopp and from Idaho Falls in the Teton Peaks Council under Willard Adams of Rigby. Members of the "Mormon" caravan were naturally anxious to learn how the scouts "from home" compared with others.

Oscar A. Kirkham, Brigham H. Roberts, Geo. Albert Smith and Andrew Jenson, at "This is the Place" monument, July 3, 1930—Start of Mormon Pioneer Caravan to Independence Rock.

There was no cause for disappointment. With 1105 scouts representing the pick of the nation, our troops were "right out in front." At the end of the first day's inspection, July 4, the scoring showed Yale ward first, Scotts Bluff, Nebraska, second and Idaho Falls third; two places out of three for the "Mormon" troops. In the final inspection, the results were a trifle different but still a triumph for intermountain scouting. The final result showed Yale ward first, Denver second and Omaha third. Idaho Falls was not far behind. Scouts, officials and visitors were loud in their praise of the excellent showing of the prize-winning troop from the Salt Lake Council. The camp was a model in every respect and elicited unstinted praise from National scout officials.

(*Continued on page 760*)

Part of Independence Day camp at Independence Rock, Wyo., July 4, 1930, showing the Sweetwater valley, Casper-Rawlins highway and Sweetwater river in center; Devil's Gate in distance at right.



IT was pay day again, and Miss Allie Mason was on her way to the bank, with a purse that bulged a little.

She was rather large and shabby, with a bright sweet face; and there was an unconscious hint of a swagger in her gait as there often was on pay day, or other days when she was particularly happy.

In the red bank book, the figures were mounting up!

Every deposit stood for six long days in the stuffy bakery, but pay day made up for that. At the end of the year, when the interest was added once more, she would have enough!

VISIONS danced before her eyes. A farm and a garden, and a bright house up on the Harbor hill. Chickens, baby ducks! A big dog quite without recorded ancestors, and therefore affectionate and smart. A cat, too, if the children wanted it, and a billy goat. And a bird house, of course! They would want that!

Allie Mason had not yet met "the children." They were to come, too, after the red bank book showed enough money. She had a little income, enough to keep them on, but first she must get the farm, and the bright house.

SHE rather fancied that she would like to adopt spindly, non-descript youngsters—the types usually passed by at the homes where children were waiting to be "taken." They would be more companionable, like the dog. There must be at least two, perhaps three. One would not be half enough for all the love Allie was waiting to pour from her heart!

"Hello, Miss Allie."

"Oh, Allie, hello! Come along down with me for a soda. I'm dying to talk to you. I need some advice!"

"How is it, Al?"

"Hey, Allie! Honk! Honk!"

AT every step someone was greeting her, hailing her. Not a person in town who did not know her, scarcely one who did not find a genuine pleasure in meeting her on the street. Usually she tossed off a hearty, humorous response; sometimes she stopped to talk. Faces that had approached her looking tired, strained—went on wrinkled in smiles. It was good to run across someone like Allie Mason!

Two children were coming along, held in tow by a rigid woman in black. They were the McIntyre children and the woman was their nurse, the only servant in town who was not a "hired girl." Somehow, Allie thought, their faces were too clean and their little linen clothes too primly starched. It wasn't natural for kids, on a sticky day in August.

They beamed when they saw Allie.

"How do you do, Miss Mason," smiled the little girl.

"H'lo, Allie," said the boy, and winked.

Allie winked broadly in response.

"Junior!" It was the nurse's reproving voice. "I'm ashamed of you! Say 'How do you do, Miss Mason,' as your sister did."

Junior did not agree. There was an argument, and a scuffle. When Junior resorted to kicks and fisticuffs, Allie passed on amiably.

"Sock her one for me," she said to herself, inelegantly. "Why can't she let 'em be human?"

"Hello, Allie. Warm enough?"

"Say, after that bakery this is arctic. How're the twins?"

People. Smiles. Greetings.

YET in all that little city of friendships, Allie Mason was terribly alone. Not one of the people she met belonged to her! Not one could answer her heart's great need to spend itself completely. Her Christmas mail was the bulkiest in town—the postman grumbled about it jokingly. Yet when the Christmas season tightened the little groups into snug circles, Allie did not really belong in any one of them.

Well, another Christmas—not next, but the one after—she would have her own.

What would they be like, the children? What would their names be?

"Junior"—that was a nice-sounding name. She chuckled out loud. An old maid calling her adopted son "Junior!" That would be good! What would the girl's name be?

Allie tightened her hold on the cheap, lumpy purse.

TEN years ago, when the first entries had been made in the slender bank book, her dreams for spending the money had been very, very different.

Allie Mason had been saving up for a chateau in Normandy. That was to be her honeymoon—

with Bret Winters. She had been twenty-four then, and able to dream that things like that might come true. Bret made her feel that way.

He, of course, could never save the money himself. He was not the money-making kind. Artistic! An architect, he was going to be when he had finished his studies; but one of the few who did things *right*. No jerry-built botches for him! A few years in Europe, before he touched a job, to absorb the national feeling, the periods. "Not just study! Let it soak into you! Absorb, 'til it would be as impossible to put the wrong staircase in a Spanish house as it would to paint a square apple or a polar bear with horns, and call it nature." They were going to find a chateau in Normandy, those two!

ODD, now, to remember herself planning a honeymoon! They had not quarreled—had not parted formally. His letters had become more and more infrequent, his messages more impersonal; finally stopped coming altogether. She, waiting at home, had suffered tragically in those years, not believing, hoping. Saving!

No, she could not live it over again. She was thirty-four. It was too long ago. Bret Winters and the splendid life they had dreamed had somehow faded in these ten years, for all the indelible colors of that first heartbreak.

The National City bank was cool and dim, out of the August glare.

Ralph McIntyre himself took her deposit. He had a habit of coming from behind his mahogany desk with the "cashier" sign on it, to welcome his friends from the town. He was tall, erect, prematurely silvered. His quick hands were always outstretched warmly, his words always kindly and warm—yet there was about him an air of distance. His eyes, resting on you, seemed to focus somewhere through and beyond you. His laugh ringing out seemed to end in some point apart. Ever since his wife had died, four years ago, he had been a person remote, for all his genial manners.

"You're getting rich, Allie," he remarked, smiling from his great height. "What are you going to do with it all?"

SHE shrugged her ample shoulders. Not for the world would she tell the real truth! "I'm going to retire from this cookie job, and go into business for myself."

They talked on, of the many things that occur daily in small communities, unguessed by city dwellers.

Without changing his tone, then, he told her, "An old beau of yours is due in town, did you hear? Bret Winters. Luck hunted him down at last! It turned out that he is the grand-nephew and only relative of the old man that died in the hollow last spring, so Bret gets all his money. About four thousand dollars."

"Bret made her feel that way."

Allie gathered her pen, book, gloves and a little change back into the worn bag. "Glad to hear it," she cried warmly. "Well, I'll hurry along. See you next Wednesday."

Allie was not one to bare her heart to the world.

TWO days later, when Bret Winters opened the shop door and stood before her in the flesh, Allie had a curious feeling of dismay.

He was still just a boy!

She had thought of him constantly since her conversation with Ralph McIntyre in the bank, wondering, fearing, sometimes hoping. At times she wanted desperately to escape forever the old, consuming thrall. Then, wistfully, she was afraid—afraid that whatever happened it was too late. She was all burned out.

She had worked nervously, absently; quickened at each turn of the knob. How would she feel when they met? Now he was here, and she knew in bewilderment that whatever she felt could not matter at all.

THE same shy, graceful lad he had been very long ago,

(*Continued on page 776*)

"Why, Allie, you're different. I'd scarcely have known you."

Joseph Smith —A Modern American Prophet

By JOHN HENRY EVANS

III

ON the Smith farm in Manchester is an apple tree with outspreading boughs, from which hang yellowing leaves that threaten to fall. It stands on the edge of a beautiful green, a little way from the rail fence that separates the field from the orchard and the log house.

Underneath this tree a young man lies prone on the grass. The mass of wavy blond hair, the oval face now paler than should be the case in the fresh country air, the jacket unbuttoned all the way, the rough shirt open at the collar, the trousers of coarse cloth, held up by a pair of primitive suspenders, the thick-soled shoes, the soft September sun meanwhile playing hide-and-seek on the face and on the body through the boughs—all this should make a picture any artist would be glad to transfer to his canvas.

PRESENTLY the eyes open. They are blue. They stare out strangely in a line that slants upward just a little. They look at a pair of bare feet and ankles, exquisitely white, directly in front. But they are not on the ground those feet. Quickly the gaze rises —up to an exquisitely white robe, up to the white bosom seen through an opening in the robe, up to the face of a man, up to the bare head.

It is the angel Moroni.

He speaks. "Joseph, why did you not tell your father, as I instructed you to do?"

"I was afraid he would not believe me," the youth answers.

"He will believe every word you say."

And then, for the fourth time, Moroni tells his story of the hidden book, without variation of detail. He ends by repeating his command that Father Smith be told without delay. Whereupon he disappears suddenly.

Young Smith rises. He looks in the direction of the field, where his father and Alvin are reaping. He climbs over the rail fence and goes toward them.

THE fact is, that a little while ago he was himself in the field working in the grain. But he worked very indifferently. For as he gathered the handful of grain stocks with which he intended to tie a sheaf together, he would pause languidly in the effort and gaze away abstractedly, without thinking of his work at all. And then, when Alvin shouted at him, he would recover himself, and set to work again with vigor, only to fall again into a state of abstraction. Whereupon Alvin would say once more, but with some irritation, "Joe, we'll never get this work done the way you're going. Hurry up, and let's have it over with."

About this time the father thinks he should take a hand. Something must be the matter with Joseph. He is not in the habit of working this way. Several times he has glanced at the boy before, but now he looks at him. He notices his pallor—which is unusual.

"Joseph," he says, "you look sick. You'd better go to the house and let your mother doctor you."

And the boy, nothing loath, leaves the field and starts for the house to be "doctored." But as he is in the act of climbing that rail fence, he falls on the other side under the apple tree unconscious.

COMPLETELY absorbed in their work, neither the father nor Alvin take any note of what occurred on that greensward beyond the fence. The chances are, though, that they would not have seen all that went on there anyway, even if they had lifted their eyes in that direction. For that vision was only for Joseph.

But they are surprised when the boy returns to the field. And Alvin is very much pleased, on account of the work which must be done at all hazards.

Joseph goes up to his brother, who is nearest. "Alvin," he says, "I've got something to say to father. Will you ask him?"

Alvin takes a swift glance at his younger brother, finishes binding the sheaf, and goes off in the direction of the father. The two converse for a moment. Then Alvin goes back to gather another sheaf, while the father, after laying aside his cradle, motions to Joseph. The two go off together a little way from where Alvin is, and talk.

Joseph tells his father the whole story of the four visits of Moroni. At the conclusion of the narrative the father says, "The vision is from the Lord; go and do all the angel asks you to do."

"The Angel told me to go to the hill, father, as soon as I had told you, so that I might have a view of the plates and the other things."

"Very well—you'd better do that."

AND so the young man trudges off to see the sacred articles, of which the Angel has told him. And as he goes, thoughts come into his head.

No longer is he tired and sleepy, as he takes the narrow lane westward to the Canandaigua road that goes south from Palmyra. He is light-hearted and free. He has done as the heavenly messenger requested him to do. That is off his mind. His father knows—and believes.

Gold plates! A book with gold leaves! And it would very likely be a big book, too, if it contained the history of a whole nation for a thousand years. That would be a lot of gold. Wouldn't one be rich if one had all that gold ready to be made into money?

HE turns out of the narrow lane that leads from the farm house and takes the Canandaigua road,

the one on which the mail is carried.

The book could be sold for a lot of money. Plenty of people of means would be glad to buy it —some because it could be melted up and made into five, ten, and twenty-dollar pieces; and some because it had writing on it. He had heard of some one turning up a strip of metal with writing on it, while he was plowing, and selling it to the museum in New York.

A big book would be valuable, if it had writing on it and was made of gold. How much would it sell for, anyway? A thousand dollars? That would be a great deal of money. Maybe you could get ten thousand dollars for it! That would be a fortune.

If, after he got the gold book, he should sell it for, say, only five thousand dollars, the mortgage on the farm could be paid off and the new house Alvin had set his heart on for father and mother could be finished. And then neither father nor mother would have to work any more. Wouldn't that be grand!

THAT mortgage was getting troublesome, he gathered from the conversation between his parents and Alvin. It was hard to get hold of any money. That was why Hyrum was not working with him and the others in the field this morning—he was away working for a neighbor to get some money to pay the interest.

The mail-man passed him in a light wagon drawn by one horse. But he was going in the wrong direction, else Joseph would have asked for a ride.

Who would buy the book? That would be a serious problem. Suppose he sold it to the museum? in New York City, and they tried to translate the writing on it. They would find that they could not do it, with all their learning. That is what the Angel had said.

The Angel—!

Oh, he couldn't sell the book! That would be wicked. Moroni said he would be destroyed if he even thought seriously of getting rich by means of the ancient record. That would not do at all. And Moroni had warned him that the Devil would tempt him, on account of the indigence of his father's family, to dispose of the plates for other purposes than that for which they had been preserved.

AND now he is approaching the hill. He can tell it and the location of the plates from having seen them on the previous night while the Angel was talking to him. He knows the hill from the time the family first came to New York State from Vermont. It rises suddenly on the north, and then goes down very gradually, till it becomes a plain on the south.

Reaching a point in the road opposite the hill, he turns east. He pushes his way up the side of the hill, through trees and brush, till he almost gets to the top. There, sure enough, is the rounded surface of a stone, with the edges buried in the earth.

He looks about for a large stick with which to pry up the stone. There are plenty of them nearby —branches broken off from the trees and dry from having lain on the ground so long. He at last finds one that will do, a good lusty limb not too brittle. He clears away the earth round the edges, puts one end under the stone, places another stick, a short one, as a fulcrum, and presto! the stone moves. His two strong arms overturn it.

THERE, exposed to his very eyes, are the sacred treasures!

Now he knows that his visions can not have been a dream or the result of a trick in his sight. For the Angel had told him he would find the relics here, and he has found them. That is proof enough, if any were needed.

He kneels down and looks into the box. It is a stone box, consisting of four flat stones placed edgewise on another flat stone. The joinings have been cemented to keep out the moisture. In the bottom of the box are two stones laid crosswise, on which are the plates and the other things with them.

JOSEPH evidently forgets he was told that he is not to get the plates at this time. For he reaches his hands down into the box to take the sacred book.

He receives a shock.

But he does not think anything of it, and tries again to get the record. And again he receives a shock, which is more severe this time. A third effort results in his being hurled backwards to the ground. He gets up again to his knees, at the same time exclaiming,

"Why can't I get this book, I wonder?"

"Because you have not kept the commandments of the Lord," said a voice.

And there stood Moroni, in a fifth visitation to the young man.

Joseph then remembers what the Angel had told him about receiving the plates. Also he recalls his thoughts on the way to the hill; and instantly he is ashamed.

MORONI speaks again. "The time has not come," he says, "for you to obtain the plates. That will not be till four years have passed. Meantime, every year at this time you are to visit the hill, uncover the box, view the plates, and receive instruction from me. The reason for this is that you must take yourself in hand till you are able as well as willing to keep the commandments of God."

Joseph in his soul prays, as he listens to the voice of the Angel, that the Lord will forgive him for his weakness and provide him strength to do His will in the future.

"Look!" says the Angel.

Joseph looks, and sees what he probably will never forget as long as he lives.

THE heavens are opened to him, the glory of God shines all around him, and the Holy Spirit fills his whole being. Then another scene, its opposite, is enacted before his eyes. He sees the prince of darkness, surrounded by his evil train, writhing in the regions of the damned.

"All this is shown," explains his heavenly instructor, "the good and evil, the holy and the impure, the glory of God and the power of darkness, that you may know hereafter the two powers, and never be influenced or overcome by that wicked one.

"Your name shall be known among the nations. For the work which the Lord will perform by your hands shall cause the righteous to rejoice and the wicked to rage. With one it shall be had in honor, and the other in reproach. Yet with these it shall be a terror, because of the great and marvelous work which shall follow the coming forth of this fulness of the Gospel."

THEN the Angel suddenly disappears.

Joseph replaces the stone on the

(*Continued on page 753*)

THE MISSION HOME IN HAIFA

A Glance at Palestine

By
MARY R. BOOTH

IN the year of 1906 an aged man in the Orient warned me solemnly that the "Mormons" would never have a church in Palestine. In President Joseph Wilford Booth's Journal of September 30th, 1928, an entry made as he sits at his desk in the Mission home at Haifa, Palestine, says that 30 years ago today he landed, a lone stranger, in Constantinople and hoped that he might later be called to labor in Haifa, Palestine, and then adds, "and here I am!"; and in the evening of this very day we held our first meeting in the southwest room of the Latter-day Saints' Mission home at Haifa, at which, in addition to my husband and myself, there were six present.

LATE PRESIDENT WILFORD BOOTH

ABOUT a year later President James E. Talmage, then of the European mission, visited the Armenian mission at Aleppo, Syria, and was then accompanied to Palestine by President Booth. They knelt among the pine trees in the grove on Mount Carmel on the morning of October 18th, 1927; and after reading from Isaiah, 35th Chapter, II Nephi, 27th Chapter, and the last part of the Doctrine and Covenants, Section 133, President Talmage, an Apostle of the Lord Jesus Christ, offered a prayer dedicating the city of Haifa as a place for headquarters for the mission and re-dedicating the land of Palestine and Syria for the preaching of the restored Gospel and the gathering of the Jews. President Booth stated that he had never felt a more heavenly influence during all his missionary work.

SINCE then a little branch of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints has been organized in the cities of old Damascus and Beirut, Syria. Some members are found in Zahala and Homs, Syria, and in Jerusalem, Palestine.

The town of Haifa, from a small village of limestone houses and goat-hair tents, has grown to

MARY R. BOOTH

an almost western city. Before the war the only claim that Haifa had to fame was the fact that it lay at the foot of Mount Carmel, a rocky headland that stretches out into the sea. Here the Franciscan monks have a monastery, and act as light-house keepers. At Haifa we find the effects of the Balfour declaration, which set aside Palestine as a gathering place of the Jews; and the coming of the many Jewish immigrants has wrought a great change. Haifa became the port of disembarkation for the new settlers and there are now hundreds of modern bungalows where twelve years ago there was but a barren shore. There is a bathing resort—a *bath galim*, (daughters of the waves). The city is electrically lighted by a huge power station, which also supplies most of lower Galilee with lights. The place has a well kept cemetery, garbage is taken away three times a day and the streets are sprinkled with water from the Mediterranean sea.

A CLIPPING from the Palestine Bulletin states that President Booth said that Beirut may be the shining belt buckle of those lands, but Haifa is the diamond breast pin of all the near east.

The Latter-day Saint mission home stands on the corner of Allenby and Carmel streets in the pretty, clean-kept German colony.

We have seen on this corner as many as six or eight policemen at once, dressed in uniform and regulating the tourist traffic of automobiles swiftly passing toward and from Mt. Carmel, and I do not recall seeing a single accident during my year there.

It is an old fashioned house where we lived, this mission home, and only part of it is shown in the picture. An old fashioned pump up stairs and one in the basement bring in the cistern rain-water. It has the modern bath and is electrically lighted and affords a beautiful view of the bay of Acre. Do you see the passion flower climbing along the veranda and the geranium by the basement door? A bush grows in the lot called in Arabic, *Shabit Mar Elias;* there is one also by the church at Elijah's Cave on Mt. Carmel. The large tree in front of the house is called in Arabic, *Karnub*. It is the tree which produces the husks referred to in Luke 15:16.

MT. CARMEL OVERLOOKING THE MEDITERRANEAN

Our Arabian friends, Mrs. Sherry and her daughter, made us some desserts prepared from the so-called husks and milk.

WE sent to the press olives which grow there on the lot and from them had several gallons of olive oil made. Lemon and fig trees grow there also, together with a variety of flowers. Bahais, Jews, Arabians, Armenians and Syrians came to see us and were very kind. A family of Samaritans visited us on different occasions. They were not of a class with whom one would have no dealings, but rather of attractive, bright-eyed clear countenance; withal, an intelligent family.

ACCORDING to an old story of the East, the haughty favorite of an Oriental monarch threw a stone at a poor priest. The dervish did not dare throw it back, for the favorite was very powerful. So he picked up the stone and put it carefully in his pocket, saying to himself: "The time for revenge will come by and by, and then I will repay him." Not long afterward, walking in one of the streets, he saw a great crowd, and found to his astonishment, that his enemy, the favorite, who had fallen into disgrace with the king, was being paraded through the principal streets on a camel, exposed to the jests and insults of the populace. Seeing all this, he hastily grasped at the stone which he carried in his pocket, saying to himself, "The time for my revenge has come, and I will pay him for his insulting conduct." But, after considering a moment, he threw the stone away, saying: "The time for revenge never comes; for if our enemy is powerful, revenge is dangerous as well as foolish, and if he is weak and wretched, then revenge is worse than foolish; it is mean and cruel. And in all cases it is forbidden and wicked."

LONG before the time set we were invited by our Arabian friends to attend the festival to be held on July 19 on Mt. Carmel, near the cave where Elijah sought shelter from Ahab. The present name of the mountain, *Mar Elias*, indicates its connection with the life of the prophets, where different classes of people go to this day to worship and imagine that they will be healed by touching the statue.

At sun set and all through the night, people were going up to Carmel. It was wonderful weather and at 3:30 A. M. we ascended Carmel and saw the multitudes of people gathered around the big monastery and chapel. We took our breakfast and ate there; and gave out a few tracts in French and English—spiritual food. The sight of such a crowd made us more appreciative of our home and the intelligent people in Zion. The range of Carmel branches from the northern end of the mountains of Samaria. Some parts of Carmel are sprinkled with fine oaks and other forest trees. Hawthorne and jasmine are found there; and many tiny brooks. Some parts are open glades carpeted with green grass and an abundance of wild flowers of every hue are found. The beauty of Mount Carmel as the moon rises over the Mediterranean, cannot be described.

Our glance at Palestine was one of the beautiful memories of a life-time.

A Spiritual Philosophy of Life

By MILTON BENNION

Dean of the School of Education, University of Utah

X

The Ethical Purpose of the Family

What Should Be the Attitude of Youth toward Marriage?

What Are Some of the Most Important Conditions of Successful Family Life?

What Is the Primary Responsibility of the Family, And What, Its Place in the Social Order?

WHILE human reproduction shares with reproduction in the higher animals some common biological factors, and while man shares with these animals some common parental instincts, the differences between man and these animals are of far greater consequence than are the likenesses. The family, which has its beginning in marriage, looks toward the spiritual as well as the physical union of man and woman. Of these two aspects of marriage the spiritual is by far the more important. Mere physical union apart from love, comradeship, and social responsibility is on the level of brutes. It is a fact, unfortunately, that it is possible for men and women to descend even below this level, as is illustrated in the practice of prostitution, concerning which Dr. Richard C. Cabot says:

"If I have conveyed anything of the sacredness of the physical expression of love, it will now be obvious why we shudder at its desecration. The greater the symbol the more horrible is its perversion. * * * Was not Judas' kiss of betrayal the most awful act in history because it was through this sacred symbol of love that his treachery was consummated? So it is with that greatest disgrace in modern civlization, prostitution. It is not chiefly because of the physical miseries that may (or may not) follow in its train. It is because of the holiness of that great physical symbol which it drags in the mire, the misdirection of a world-force that ought to mean the creation or re-creation of all that is best in life."[1]

IT is not, however, the purpose of this series to dwell upon the seamy side of life. In the spirit of the very ancient and exceptionally wise admonition, "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good," we shall try here to emphasize the good.

The ideal purpose of marriage and the family is very well stated by J. A. Leighton as follows:

"The family, of course, is based on the natural instinct of propagation. It becomes the first and it should continue to be the first and deepest school of the good. In it the sex and parental instincts become refined and stabilized. The spirit of love, cooperation, thoughtfulness, consideration, and fair play are developed. As Mr. Bosanquet finely says, it is 'a natural union with an ideal purpose'."[2]

MARRIAGE calls for community of interest and purpose and for unity of action in the attempt to realize the highest spiritual goals possible of human attainment. Under normal conditions one of these goals is the production, care, and education of children. It is this that gives to the family its preeminent place among human institutions. It is this that young people of sound body, mind, and character should look forward to as a major life time responsibility, and as one of their greatest opportunities to realize enduring satisfactions while they at the same time render a high form of service to humanity.

Establishment of permanent family relations through marriage has, thus far in human experience, been the only satisfactory method of perpetuating the race and of conserving the highest human values.

What, Then, Should Be the Attitude of Young People Toward Marriage?

CERTAINLY, not to think lightly of it, or to joke about it. On the contrary, it should be the object of the most serious and thoughtful consideration. That this end may more generally be realized by youth, marriage and the functions, responsibilities, and joys of family life should have a more prominent place in education; not in the schools alone but also in the church and in the family itself. Systematic instruction in these matters will not only contribute much toward developing in youth a right attitude toward marriage, but such instruction will also help to avoid many of the occasions of disharmony and mental anguish after marriage. Young people should be led to see that comradeship is one of the greatest human needs, and that when this is combined with mutual affection associated with sex attraction, it is possible, under enlightened self-direction on the part of both comrades, to make of married life the finest, the most enduring, and the most satisfactory experience possible to men and women. While love is generally recognized as "the greatest thing in the world," it should be clearly understood that such love is not to be confused with mere passion, although passion may at times be an element of love between husband and wife. Such love, however, normally far transcends passion; otherwise it would not endure. It is primarily spiritual and rightly has religious sanction. Its sacredness is enhanced by making marriage an impressive religious ceremony.

What Are Some of the Most Important Conditions of Successful Family Life?

IT is necessary, then, to consider many other factors than sex attraction, essential as that is. There are also the problems of compatibility of dispositions, community

[1] "What Men Live By," pp. 195-6. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston.

[2] The Individual and the Social Order, pp. 21, 22, D. Appleton & Co., New York.

of interests, and of ideals, willingness on the part of each to give and take, and to do it good-naturedly; to work together toward common ends irrespective of good or ill fortune. Husband and wife should often take counsel together in regard to their common interests, or their separate interests, if they have such, where one comrade can be of assistance to the other. In these counsels perfect frankness is highly desirable. This frankness can also be had in the family in greater degree than in any other relation. This does not mean uncouthness, mere bluntness, or any degree of irritation or ill will on the part of either husband or wife. It does mean recognition of the fact that counsel cannot be of the greatest value unless it is perfectly frank; also, the further fact that economic wisdom, social grace, and spiritual growth are attainable in highest degree only by willingness to consider and to profit by absolute frank counsel. On the contrary, to be offended by such counsel is a mark of pettiness of mind, a great obstacle in the way of progress.

CRITICISM should, to be sure, be constructive, not mere denunciation of foolish plans, wrong procedures, or objectionable habits, although there are occasions when such errors on the part of adults may be laughed out of court. In any case they should be ruled out by peaceful means. The matrimonial order should be looked upon in one light, as a Mutual Improvement Association for both man and woman. While this will involve correction of errors and faults for which the one corrected should be duly thankful, its most usual and effective method will be through recognition and appreciation of the good qualities of each by the other. The finest qualities of human character are often thus developed.

But so also are fine qualities developed through sharing the deepest but not irreparable sorrows of life. While the advent of a child is normally a strong bond of family union, so also is the loss of a child. The richness and meaningfulness of human life requires sharing experiences of both joys and sorrows. It does not follow that one should seek sorrows. Life provides them in spite of all man can do. It does mean, however, that sorrows play an important part in the development of character, that this end is best realized through sympathetic sharing of sorrows, and that the family organization is best of all adapted to this end.

IT is said that "it is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all." So also it is better to have had the joy of parenthood even though the child is lost in death. Such a loss is a minor tragedy in comparison with loss of a member of the family through moral degeneracy. It is these moral losses that tend to shatter even the possibility of the highest joy, and that in some forms are the most certain means of disrupting the family organization. Fortunately it is within human power, in large measure, to forestall moral evils, to overcome them with good. The presence of children in the family is one of the greatest helps to parents in developing a keener sense of responsibility and in otherwise guarding them against moral evils. On this point the writer has said elsewhere:

"The child disciplines the parent, not because of duty or obligation, but because the nature of the relationship brings it about. The parent cannot exercise his functions in moral teaching and training without subjecting himself to the same rigid self-control which he seeks to develop in the child. Children quickly detect insincerity or inconsistency, either one of which is fatal to parental influence. The parents may temporarily compel obedience, but this is not moral education unless it leads to cheerful, willing conformity to a right type of life which the parent is seeking to develop. Thus, if the parent would be successful, he is compelled to be in character what he wishes his children to become; and every normal-minded parent devoutly desires that his children shall realize the highest type of character."[3]

THE revised edition of "Citizenship" (1925 and later printings) contains two chapters on the family and in connection with these studies, a set of Life Ideals for Children and a set of Life Ideals for Youth. These Ideals are revisions of moral codes previously prepared by the author as moral code writer for Utah under the auspices of The National Institution for Character Education.

Discussion of the family and problems of sex relations are also a part of "The Moral Teaching of the New Testament," by Dean Bennion.

THE child, however, is not only a defense against moral delinquency of parents in early and middle life, he is also, in some measure, a security against some of the possible evils of old age, most notably loneliness, and possibly also economic dependence. This is not to say that childless persons may not escape both, nor that parents have a sure guarantee aganist either, but only that the advantage is in general in favor of parents. This is especially true of the social side of the old age problem. Many people spend their last days in satisfactions derived in large measure from associations with their children and their grandchildren.

The success of normal family life depends also upon the maintenance of satisfactory relations between parents and children. Many homes are broken because of failure in this respect. It is very essential that parents understand their children in all of the various stages of their development; they must see and give due consideration to the child's point of view, and always to act, in relation to him, in such a way as to help him to realize his own highest good.

IN so far as labor in industry is concerned most modern states have put legal restraints upon both parents and employers. There are, however, a multitude of other ways by which children may be exploited. These include constant thwarting of the child's plans and interests merely for the convenience of parents who regard the home as being maintained for them rather than for their children. The child, no less than the adult, is an end in himself, and should never be regarded as a means. His personality should at all times be respected. He should have abundant opportunities to develop his personality on the basis of his native endowments in so far as these are harmonious with the social good. On this point Dr. T. A. Thom says:

"There is nothing more pathetic than the child who has the misfortune to inherit parents who refuse to allow him to

[3] "Citizenship, An Introduction to Social Ethics," Revised edition, p. 91. Copywright 1917 and 1925, World Book Co., Tonkers-on-Hudson, New York.

grow up; who deny him opportunities for developing a personality from the mental characteristics with which he was originally endowed; who entertain certain pre-conceived ideas as to just what he should do and what he should think and who resent any deviation that nature may bring about in his development. How many parents dominate the thoughts and actions of their children, because they glory in the fact that, 'My child just can't get along without me.' During the preschool years, they attempt to keep their children in that infantile state where they may feed them, lie down with them at nap time, respond to their midnight calls, and wait upon them to the point where the child is simply vegetating. A little later, they march their children back and forth from school, protect and sympathize with them in their conflicts with the teacher, fight their battles with other children, and receive them with open arms and excess of solicitude when they meet fear and failure in the outside world."[4]

SOME children are thus pursued with unrelenting doggedness by one or both parents until the child, while grown up physically, never can grow up mentally except by open and persistent rebellion; and this, of course, offers no chance for normal development, which requires that the child have appropriate and abundant opportunities to use his own initiative, to bear responsibilities, and to formulate his own ambitions. Dr. Thom, looking toward providing the child with such opportunities, says:

"The earlier the child is given an opportunity of working, playing, and competing with others of his own age, the more likely will he be to formulate habits that will aid in the process of social adjustment."[5]

THERE are other parents who go to the opposite extreme, parents who allow their children, through want of parental companionship and guidance, to make irreparable mistakes, the consequences of which hamper them for life. "To the child the parent should be companion, friend, and confidant."[6] This means that the parent should study the disposition of the child, his native abilities, and his interests. Special effort should be made to understand his motives and to deal with him in relation to his conduct on this basis. He may have acted wrongly with perfectly good motives, or at least with no bad motives. In such a case to reprimand is wholly wrong; the child needs kindly but enlightening treatment. In case he has acted upon a selfish motive, knowing that the act was wrong, appeal should be made to his better, his higher self, with the purpose of stimulating him to act on a higher plane, as becoming a social being—a person. If this fails matters should be so arranged that selfish actions do not yield satisfactions. The parents' part in all of these things should be such that it can be defended as contributing toward the child's own ultimate best good. If he, as a child, cannot comprehend this, he will comprehend as he grows in maturity of mind. His understanding of parental attitude will then do more than anything else, other than natural affection, to cement family ties, to establish bonds of permanent union not only between parents and children, but also between the parents themselves.

THESE considerations naturally raise a question as to intentionally childless marriage, now popularly called "companionate marriage." There are, of course, married people who cannot have children. There are others who may have contracted an incurable disease, discovered some hereditary defect that might seriously handicap posterity, or who may for other cause have justifiable reason for abstaining from parenthood. These cases are, presumably, rare. They do not include the feeble-minded and the insane, both of whom are without the necessary discretion and self-control to prevent multiplying their kind. For them it becomes the duty of the state to intervene with such measures as will safeguard future generations.

But, to return, after this parenthesis, to the subject of "companionate marriage" in the current popular meaning of that term, what, in the light of the foregoing principles, is the status of such a marriage? In E. R. Grover's "Social Problems of the Family" it is discussed under the heading, "The Arrested Family." After discussing the meaning of the term "companionate marriage," Dr. Grover says: "In short, the companionate is a wilful attempt to keep marriage on a level of pleasure and expediency by cutting off its normal passage into parenthood."[7] It is, therefore, to be regarded, from the standpoint of ethics, as a lower form of marriage; that is, it is lower in the sense of assuming less responsibility, of avoiding the natural consequences of one's actions, and of being devoid of the highest educational opportunities and the greatest joys that normally belong to the family. It is defended on the "slippery ground" that it is not as bad as some other conditions that are widely prevalent. This may do as a plea for tolerance, but not as an ideal to be made attractive to youth.

What, Then, is the Primary Responsibility of the Family, And What, Its Place in Social Order?

FROM the social standpoint its primary responsibility is the perpetuation and the improvement of the race, and that also is its place in the social order. This does not mean that family life is, or ought to be, wholly swallowed up in the responsibility of child bearing and child rearing. Family life is the most natural and effective way of expressing the most fundamental human tendencies and thereby of contributing toward a fuller realization of human possibilities for good. The family is not only the cradle of childhood, it is also the cradle of many human virtues. The greatest among these is love. "Love suffereth long, and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up. Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Love never faileth:"[8] What human quality can be greater than this? What institution is better adapted to its cultivation than is the family?

But the family is also for all of its members a school for personal discipline in methods of effective cooperation, in the exercise of self control and self direction, in

(*Continued on page 759*)

[4]"Everyday Problems of the Everyday Child," pp. 32, 33. D. Appleton & Co.,
[5]Ibid. p. 44.
[6]Ibid. p. 45.

[7]Page 96, J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.
[8]St. Paul to the Corinthians, substituting in King James translation, the proper term, love, for charity.

Captain James Cook

FICTION lovers have long been thrilled with the now threadbare plot so often used in tales of adventure which recount the experiences of white men who, through shipwreck and other circumstances have found themselves cast upon lonely South Sea islands, and then worshiped as gods by hordes of dusky savages.

Despite its improbability, this is exactly what happened to Captain James Cook, the famous English circumnavigator and explorer, on his second visit to the Hawaiian Islands in the early part of 1779. Not only was he considered a white god by the natives, but he permitted the Hawaiians to worship him as such, and paid for the indiscretion with his life.

ALTHOUGH the Hawaiian Islands were visited by the Spanish in 1555, who kept their discovery secret, credit for their discovery is generally accorded to Captain James Cook, who made his first visit on January 18, 1778 —landing on the Island of Kauai at the mouth of the Waimea river, when he named them the Sandwich Islands for his patron, the Earl of Sandwich.

During this first visit, the natives on the shores "fell flat upon their faces and remained so until Captain Cook had made signs for them to rise." Presents were exchanged and the natives appeared exceedingly friendly.

In recording this first visit of Captain Cook's, history says that the natives were left in a state of the utmost wonder and perplexity with regard to the character of their strange visitors and, although there was no demonstration that revealed their feelings, the majority looked upon the white navigator as a reincarnation of their God Lono, and upon the members of his crew as supernatural beings. Messengers were dispatched to the islands of Oahu and Maui to inform the chiefs there of the arrival of these wonderful beings, who were described by the messengers as follows:

"The men are white; their skin is loose and hangs in folds, (clothes); their heads are angular (cornered hats); they are gods of the volcano because fire and smoke comes from their mouths (tobacco smoke); treasure doors are in their sides, openings in the flesh into which they thrust their hands and draw out iron, beads, nails and other treasures, and their speech is unintelligible."

CAPTAIN COOK then made a visit to the northwest coast of America and returned to the Hawaiian Islands on November 26, 1778, when he sighted the Island of Maui. For nearly two months following he cruised around the lower part of Maui and the northern coast of Hawaii, trading with the natives, and seeking the while for a good place to repair his ships—the "Resolution" and the "Discovery."

It was during this second visit that Captain Cook was generally accepted by the natives as their god Lono, and worshiped as such.

According to an ancient legend, the Hawaiian god Lono informed the Hawaiians upon his ascension to heaven, that some day he would return, and that when he did return, his path to earth would lie along a rainbow. It so happened that Koa, an aged priest of Napoopoo, Island of Hawaii, when emerging from his hut one sunny morning on January 17, 1779, saw two strange ships—the "Resolution" and the "Discovery" in Kealakekua Bay, while strangely enough a beautiful rainbow arched in the sky directly over the vessels.

CONVINCED that the god Lono had fulfilled his promise and had returned to earth, the aged priest spread the glad tidings, and the belief of the natives that he was actually their god Lono was expressed in fantastic demonstrations. They made no effort to conceal their conclusion that Captain Cook was Lono returned to earth, and proceeded almost immediately to bestow upon him all the honors due such a personage.

Captain Cook permitted it, perhaps through fear, or perhaps in hope of personal or national gain. Indicative of the power he enjoyed under these circumstances, Jarves, the historian, writes: "He moved among them as an earthly deity, observed, feared and worshiped."

When Captain Cook landed at Kealakekua on January 17, 1779, Kalaniopu, the aged king of Hawaii, was at Wailua in Koolau, engaged in war with Kahekili, king of Maui, and the affairs of Kalaniopu's kingdom were in charge of his chiefs Palea and Kanaina, who accompanied Koa, the aged priest, on a visit to Cook's ship.

WITH the utmost veneration Koa saluted Captain Cook, and placed a piece of red tapa about his shoulders. He then made an offering of a pig and recited a long prayer. Later in the afternoon, Cook and two of his officers accompanied the priest to shore, and the people prostrated themselves on the ground at his approach. He was conducted to the Temple of Lono, in which none but Cook, the chiefs and their attendants was allowed to enter, which was located in the northern end of the village of Napoopoo where, after semi-barbaric

ceremonies, Captain Cook was solemnly acknowledged to be and installed as the reincarnation of the god Lono. He was stationed in front of sacred images, and robed in red tapa. Two priests chanted long prayers, and a dead hog was offered to him, while similar ceremonies were enacted in other parts of the temple.

As a crowning mark of honor, Captain Cook was anointed with the chewed kernel of a coconut, and was regaled with awa, baked pork and offerings of fruit.

JOHN LEDYARD, one of Captain Cook's officers, described the landing at Kealekekua in part, as follows:

"The crowds that flocked to the shore, as the vessels sailed in and came to anchor, were prodigious. They had assembled from the interior and the coast. Three thousand canoes were counted in the bay, filled with men, women and children to the number of at least 15,000, besides others who were swimming and sustaining themselves in the water.

"The scene was animated in the extreme. The beach, the surrounding rocks, the tops of houses, the branches of trees and the adjacent hills were all covered, and the shouts of joy and admiration, proceeding from the sonorous voices of the men, confused with the shriling exclamations of the women dancing and clapping their hands, the oversetting of canoes, cries of the children, goods afloat, and hogs that were brought to market squealing, formed one of the most curious prospects that can be imagined.

"Cook's first visit to the shore was attended with a good deal of ceremony. Two chiefs, with long white poles as ensigns of their authority, made a passage among the canoes for his pinnace, and the people, as he was rowed along, covered their faces with their hands.

"When he landed they fell prostrate on the beach before him, and a new set of officers opened a way for him through the crowd. The same expressions of awe were manifested as he proceded from the water's edge."

SEVERAL days later, Captain Cook visited the priest's residence at Napoopoo, and was conducted to the Hale o Lono (House of Lono), where he was again worshiped. His time was divided between his ship and the land, and whenever he went ashore he was always accompanied by a priest who ordered all the people to prostrate themselves.

A site for an observatory was finally selected by Captain Cook near the Temple of Lono, where tents were erected and instruments set up. The party on shore was liberally supplied with hogs, vegetables and fruits each day, while many canoe-loads of provisions were sent to the ships, for none of which any return was ever asked or made.

KING KALANIOPUU returned from Maui on February 24th, and two days later visited the observatory with a party of chiefs. Captain Cook received them graciously, and the king placed his own magnificent feather cloak about the navigator's shoulders. He also placed a feather helmet on Cook's head, and laid several beautiful feather cloaks at his feet, as well as presenting him with a large number of hogs and a quantity of coconuts and breadfruit, after which the priests made offerings and prayers to their supposed patron divinity.

Cook returned the compliment by taking the royal party aboard his own ship, the "Resolution," where he presented the king with a linen shirt and a cutlass.

Entertainments and feasts were then given the English officers on shore by the natives, followed by an exhibition of fireworks staged by Captain Cook, which terrified the natives who thought they were flying spirits.

THE reign of Captain Cook as a god, however, was short-lived. About ten days after he landed, the natives began to tire of their guests, and showed them less respect. They quickly came to the realization that the navigator and his men were merely human beings like themselves. To make matters worse, there were violations of tabus by the visitors, crimes against their women, and other actions unbecoming to holy beings. In short, the abandoned conduct of the white men came to disgust the natives, and the lavish contributions levied upon the people for their support rapidly became a burden.

The first serious breach occurred when Captain Cook's men tore down the fence around the temple and appropriated twelve wooden idols for firewood. The meek request of the chief priest that the central image be restored was ignored by the sailors. Captain Cook had previously offered first two, and then three hatchets to the temple priests for the firewood, which they declined to take. Cook's men took it anyway.

FOLLOWING an affray between a group of natives and Cook's men, quarrels and thefts became more numerous. "Finally," according to history, "on February 4, 1779, Cook and his men took their departure. The king presented the navigator with an imense quantity of vegetables and a large herd of pigs, together with an extensive collection of tapas and red and yellow feathers.

"The joy of the natives at the departure of the white men was beyond description."

But Fate was most unkind. Intending to survey the leeward islands before sailing for the Arctic, Cook encountered a severe gale off Kawaihee, which sprung the foremast of the "Resolution," and necessitated his return to Kealakekua for repairs. The vessel arrived at her old anchorage on February 11th. "An ominous silence everywhere prevailed. A boat that had been sent ashore brought back word that Kalaniopuu was absent and had left the bay under tabu. Toward night a few canoes came off with provisions, but the behavior of the natives plainly showed that their former friendship

BIRD ISLAND (NIHOA)
Part of Hawaiian Bird Reservation

was at an end. Almost the only articles in demand were iron daggers which Captain Cook had ordered to be made for barter."

THE damaged mast was landed at the former camp. Serious trouble ensued between the natives and the seamen, and on one occasion the latter were stoned.

A large cutter from the "Discovery" was stolen the following night, and after being taken some two miles away had been broken up for the iron that was in it. With the intention of holding King Kalaniopuu aboard his vessel a prisoner, and keeping him there until the stolen boat was returned, Captain Cook, with a lieutenant and nine marines, landed on Sunday morning, February 14th, and called upon the king—inviting him to come on board and spend the day.

The king exhibited signs of uneasiness, and squatted down as a mark of humiliation, while Cook held him by the hand and endeavord to persuade him.

THE visit of Captain Cook and his party of marines to the home of the king had been closely watched, and before he had conversed ten minutes with Kalaniopuu, he was surrounded by three or four hundred natives, over half of whom were chiefs. Cook became very uneasy when he beheld this hostile gathering, and became more urgent in his persuasion. The aged king finally gave in and accompanied Cook to within a rod or two of the shore, when the king was held back by some of his chiefs—one of whom threatened Cook when he attempted to interpose. Some of the crowd cried out that Cook was going to take their king from them and kill him.

One of the natives advanced in a threatening attitude, but was stopped at the sight of a bayonet presented by one of Cook's men, who also warned the navigator in the meantime of the danger of his situation—that he had overheard the native whom he had just stopped from rushing in upon him, say that Cook's men had just killed his brother, and he would be revenged.

COOK then asked the marine to point out the native to whom he had reference, and as soon as he was pointed out, Cook fired at him with a blank cartridge. Perceiving that he was uninjured from the fire, the native rushed upon Cook for the second time, who met his advance with a ball shot from his pistol. The native dropped, and was drawn off into the crowd.

Realizing now that the people were determined to oppose him, and that he could not carry out his plan without further bloodshed, Cook ordered Mr. Phillips, his lieutenant of marines, to withdraw his men and get them into the boats which were lying in readiness at the shore.

The instant they retreated for the shore, Cook was struck by a stone and, perceiving the native who threw it, shot him dead. At the third pistol shot, the officer in the ship noting the retreat of the guard, ordered the boats to fire on the natives, which caused the guards to turn about and shoot. The attack then became general.

REALIZING that his men were firing without orders, Cook, who was standing in the rear of the guard with Phillips, quitted the king and ran toward the shore to put a stop to it. They were so closely pressed upon, however, by the advancing chiefs, and being unable to make themselves heard above the din, they joined the guard who fired as they retreated.

Cook reached the water at last, and waved his hat desperately as a signal for the ship to cease firing, and while doing so a chief from behind stabbed him in the back with one of the iron daggers he had caused to be made for barter with the Hawaiians. Captain Cook fell with his face in the water, and immediately expired.

AFTER the terrific struggle that followed, in which Phillips killed the native who had stabbed Captain Cook, seventeen natives and four seamen were killed. The Hawaiians then carried the bodies of Captain Cook and the seamen to a small heiau or temple where the flesh was removed from the bones and burned, and the bones of Captain Cook were tied up with red feathers and deified. The heart, liver, etc., of Cook's body were stolen during the night and eaten by two Hawaiian children who thought they had been removed from a dog, while some of the bones, it is said, were kept in the temple of Lono and worshiped by the people until 1819, when they were removed and hidden in a secret place.

Before leaving Kealakekua Bay, Captain Cook's officers and men revenged themselves for the killing of their leader by bombarding the village of Napoopoo with round and grape shot, after which they set fire to the village. The next day, a high priest was sent by the king to sue for peace, and on the following Saturday he delivered up some of the bones of Captain Cook, and such of the remains as were in the possession of his men were consigned to the sea with full military honors.

Joseph Smith, a Modern American Prophet

(*Continued from page 745*)

box, covers the edges with earth as they were before, and leaves the hill for the road to Palmyra.

His heart is light. He walks as if he were treading on air. It is good to be alive. There seems to be something coming up out of the earth to fill him with the joy of living.

He has learned a deep secret of life. There are two powers in the world—two powers striving for the mastery of the human soul. The one seeks to destroy, the other to save. That is a good thing to know. There are only salvation and destruction in the world, anyway. Hereafter Joseph will be better able to distinguish between the two powers and therefore be the more likely to adhere to the good.

BY-HARRISON R. MERRILL

TOM LEIGH, in that moment, knew that his father would have a hard time understanding his point of view.

"All right, Dad, "he said, "but I know if you wanted me to go to college bad enough, we could find the way."

His father placed his hands on his hips and looked searchingly at his son, just now dressed in chaps and riding boots, for Tom had just ridden in from the Circle Bar 7 ranch.

"I'm sorry, son," he said in a voice that was gruff, but with tenderness shining through, "it seems to me it can't be done. I told you that we're in a bad fix, but it's actually worse than I made out. You know the summer is one of the hardest we have ever had. Waterholes that have not failed for years have dried up; the cattle we have left are poor. Nope," shaking his grizzled head, "I can't see how it can be done."

"All right," Tom said, "we'll say no more about it, but I guess if I should find the coin, you'd have no objection."

"Not an objection," the older Leigh replied, as he placed his hand affectionately on his son's shoulder. "I'll even help if I can —but I see no hope."

THAT evening Tom Leigh did some figuring. He had been working steadily for the Circle Bar 7 nearly three months, but when he figured up the cash he could probably muster, his face twisted into hard lines. The earlier part of the year had been dull, and he had barely earned his food and clothing. The last three months had been good; he had had a steady job, but the wages were not high and he had shared his earnings with the family.

It was now the middle of August and he had barely fifty dollars in sight. He had a riding outfit and a horse, but as yet had been unable to bring himself to the point of offering them for sale. Besides, there was little demand for horses and outfits.

He threw down his pencil and went over to the corner where he took some cigar boxes from a shelf. Tenderly he looked in at the butterflies and beetles collected during his idle hours, for in high school he had acquired the collecting mania.

"I reckon all I learn about you I'll have to dig out for myself," he said whimsically. "Fifty dollars won't go far toward tuition in these days, let alone toward a year's grub."

DISCONSOLATELY he chucked the boxes back into their accustomed places and began to undress. He would have to be back at the Circle Bar 7 plenty early. So far as his father was concerned the matter was settled, he knew. Tom felt no resentment. He was range bred enough to be more or less of a fatalist anyway.

He seemed beaten for the moment, but consoled himself with the thought that there were more than four weeks between him and the opening of the university, and almost anything could happen in four weeks.

On his way back to the ranch the next morning, he drew his cowpony to a halt and listened. Upon his ears, desert trained, had fallen a starnge sound. It was the chug, chug, chug and snort of a laboring motor.

Tom straightened in his saddle and drew up his reins.

"Some desert Lizzy in trouble," he grunted. "Roany, I guess we better trot over and lend a hand."

UPON mounting the crest of a sand ridge, he looked down upon a car impotently tearing up the sand of a wash with its rear wheels. A blistering sun had already assisted in boiling the engine.

The car, a small truck, loaded high and pulling a trailer, was occupied by a man who was attempting to do the driving. Behind it and pushing was another man dressed only in the upper part of abbreviated underwear and a pair of riding trousers tucked into the tops of high shoes.

Tom rode along side of the driver just as he turned off the gas and stopped his engine.

"Stuck?" the cowboy asked.

"Stuck," the man in the car replied.

TOM threw one leg over his saddle horn as he looked across into two narrowed, sunwrinkled blue eyes, looking out from under bushy, sandy eyebrows.

"Hot," Tom said.

"Plenty hot," the other conceded.

"Whatchu got?" Tom jerked his head toward the load.

"Bugs and butterflies," the driver replied, grinning.

Tom's heart skipped a beat. He had heard there were collectors somewhere on the range.

The young fellow who had been pushing at the rear of the truck came around beside Tom's horse.

"We got some beauties," he

said lifting one corner of a canvas cover and allowing Tom to glance into one of the boxes.

Tom had never seen anything like it before. Under his gaze were row after row of butterflies and beetles beautifully preserved and mounted.

"Where you takin' them?" he asked almost breathlessly.

"Back to Glendon University," the other youth answered proudly. "We've been all through the Mount Trumbull country, clear to the Toroweap."

THE man in the car had been forgotten. Now, however, he made his presence known.

"It's hotter than pure alcohol in Hades," he exclaimed, removing his hat and mopping his perspiring head. "Maybe you will give us a lift?"

"Sure," Tom replied, readily, as he began untying his rope. "I'll put a loop over the end of your spring and Roany'll do the rest."

With a deft turn of the wrist from where he sat he twirled the rope over the projecting spring and pulled it taut.

"Now when I get ready turn on your gas and give 'er the gun," he suggested as he rode out to the full length of his rope in front of the car.

As the lariat tightened, the car, in response to the accelerator, spun its wheels for a moment and then slowly rolled out of the wash on to harder ground.

"Okay," the man at the wheel said as he once more stopped his engine. "Now what's the damage?"

"Not a thing," Tom exclaimed quickly, then—"unless—"

"Unless what?" the collector asked.

"Unless you let me look at your stuff—allus liked gatherin' up things like that."

FOR ten minutes he feasted his eyes upon the various specimens.

"I guess that's all," he said wistfully, after the other two had told him some of the life history of the various insects. "Gee, I'd like to be a collector."

"Why not be one?" the professor asked. "Come up to Glendon University this coming winter and work with me."

"I'd love to, "Tom said as he swung into his saddle.

"If you do, inquire for me—Dr. Vandegraft."

"I sure will," Tom answered.

"Here," Vandegraft opened a brief case he had taken from the seat of the car. From it he drew a small gray book. "Take this," he said. "It may be worth more than a dollar to you."

LONG after the car was lost in the distant sand and sage, Tom Leigh sat absorbed in the new book. The volume, a tiny paper-covered one, bore a one word title—"Keys."

Its content was made up of quotations from various famous men. As he thumbed through it, reading avidly, Tom paused over a brief statement in prose. It read: "Though a man come to the doors of a university with his pockets bulging with money, but without a genuine desire for education, he has not the price; but if he stands there with empty pockets with a burning desire for knowledge, he has the price."

To the young cowboy it seemed that those were addressed especially to him. He had finished high school, such as it was, three years before, but had never gone farther. Though he had a desire for education and had long before decided that the life of the range was not the kind he would like to live always, he had never pulled away from the cattle country. Now he felt that a prophet had suddenly risen before him and had given him the keys.

TWO weeks later range work led Tom Leigh once more close to his father's door. He turned down the familiar lane and paused in front of the old gate under the leaning silver maple tree.

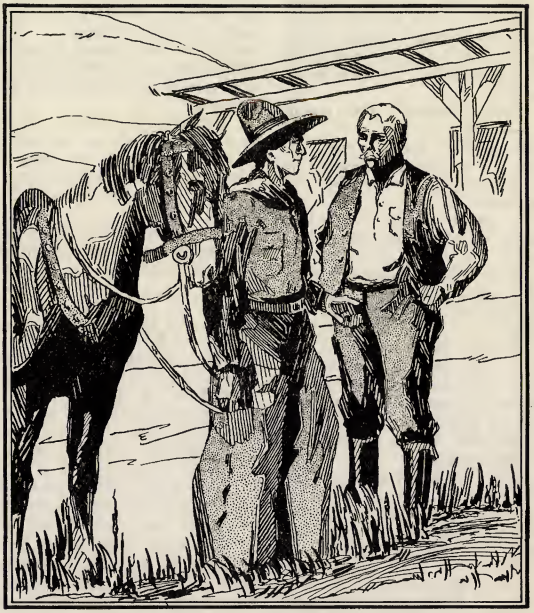
"Hello," he called.

His father came hurriedly around the corner of the house and his mother appeared at the door in answer to the call.

"Tom!" they exclaimed in unison.

"Where you goin?" his father asked.

Then Tom, voicing the two



words that had been in his mind ever since he had met the professor in the sand, replied:

"To college."

"Where?" his father asked, surprised.

"To college," Tom repeated.

"But how?"

Tom fumbled in his shirt pocket and produced the much thumbed booklet. This he handed over gravely to his parent.

"There you have it," he said dryly. "Read for yourself."

THE elder Leigh took the book and glanced through the selection.

"Some professor said that, I guess," he snorted. "Sounds like Emerson or what's that guy's name that went down on the Titanic? —Elbert,—oh, yes, Elbert Hubbard. Fellers like them would say such things, but put 'em out in this eternal sage with dried up waterholes and cows that has to stand twice to make a shadder—then what 'ud they say?"

"I dunno who said it—I only know he's right. I got his price—his key—an' I'm goin'."

"But, Tom," his mother broke in. "We've been so busy talkin' about you we hain't had an opportunity to tell you the news, and it's bad enough. Elvira's in the hospital."

"In the hospital!" Tom repeated incredulously.

His mother began wiping her eyes. "Yes, she was operated on for appendicitis." She began to whimper.

"I didn't know——" Tom paused. "She ain't—she ain't dead!"

"Naw, gittin' along fine," his father put in hastily, "but Ma allus has to have her little rain storm."

"But it's the doctor bill," she said. "We haven't been able to pay the doctor and I been waitin' for you to come—I knowed you'd —you'd help."

Tom was silent. Elvira was his only sister.

"Sure," he finally said. "What did it cost?"

His mother looked up eagerly. "One hundred and seventy dollars."

TOM did some quick thinking. He did not have that

much money, but he would have it by the time school started. He had been planning, in fact, on having a little more than that, but how could he give up his dream now?

He glanced at his father. That old veteran's face was deeply lined with anxiety as his deep-set eyes looked back into those of his son. In their depths Tom fancied he saw two huge question marks. His father was wondering if he, Tom Leigh, would choose to stand by his family or his new and, to him, rather foolish ambition. Tom seemed to feel himself shrivel up before that gaze. Then he straightened around facing his father more squarely.

"I've got the money," he said as if speaking still to his mother. "Not that much—yet, but I'll have it by the time school starts—Glendon University opens on September 15."

Tom saw his father's lips twitch beneath his grizzled moustache, and the color rise to his lean cheeks.

YOU can have my money," he said simply. "I'll send all I got right over and the balance as soon as it is due."

Tom saw his father's face break with tenderness. "My son," he said, huskily. "We still mean as much as school."

"That's my Tom," his mother exclaimed as she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him.

Tom drew away, embarrassed.

"What's all this excitement about?" he demanded. "Can't a feller help with his only sister's doctor bill without bein' squeezed to death. I'm darned glad she's gettin' along all right—hadn't heard a thing about it."

"But what about your school?" his father asked.

"Didn't you read the sayin'—the keys?". Tom demanded. "I've still got the price."

"That's nonsense," his father spluttered. "Don't let these professors and preachers fool you.

"I won't. I'm goin' to make 'em prophets."

BUT that night Tom went to bed in the room he had always called his own, he took down the specimens. "Purty hard lookin' bunch beside the professor's keen stuff," he said, "but then I guess you represent me better'n they did him at that. But I'm goin' to college and learn how to do it. I don't understand just how it'll be done now, but I have a hunch it's got to be done. I still have the desire, an' I can't go back on my prophets."

September had laid her golden mantle over the hills when one day Tom Leigh rode directly into the sunset. He was on his way to Kane Springs. Tucked away in his shirt pocket was the reason for his journey. He had found it on the infrequently used road that ran up on to the range he had been riding. It was a bill announcing a rodeo.

Tom had never competed in a rodeo. He always felt, somehow, that rodeo performances were more like circus stuff than the genuine work and play of the cow country. But now he had determined to try his luck in the calf roping contests. He had measured his skill with many of the other rannies and felt that against range men he would stand a good chance to win the stakes which this time happened to be two hundred dollars, and two hundred dollars to Tom Leigh just then looked like a dream come true.

He knew, of course, that besides the range men, there would be regular followers of the rodeos, men who had learned to time their loops to a hundredth part of a second, but he felt that he had a fighting chance against them all. He had been called by his boss the best calf man on the range.

KANE SPRINGS was decked out in war paint as Tom

rode into town and put his horse in one of the stalls provided for the entrants on the rodeo grounds. One glance at the assembled cowpunchers and Indians told the youth that not only were the top hands of the surrounding ranches present, but that some of the top hands of the rodeo game were also on the ground ready for the competition.

He had just finished writing his name on the entry blank and was handing over his entrance fee when his father stopped beside him. "Not gamblin' on the rodeo, be you Tom," he asked.

"Yep," Tom answered. "Enterin' the calf ropin'."

"Jest throwin' your money away," his father snorted. "Didn't you look over the list of entrants?"

"Sure."

"You don't think you can loop a calf along with Bliss Pardee do you? Or Sam Waite or Jack Van Ryster? There's only three prizes."

Tom grinned. "Sure I can," he replied, but feeling more uncertain about it than he pretended.

"W'y all of them fellers has Steel Dust horses—the best three-quarter horses in the world. Jest been lookin' 'em over."

"I got Roany," Tom replied. "If I lose, it won't be on account of my hoss."

"Oh, all right," his father grumbled. "Have it your own way; but let me warn you to keep your eye on Bliss Pardee. He's champeen and won't lose without a fight."

TOM could not help but concur secretly in his father's opinion. He knew all three of the men his sire had named and each had a long record of victories.

When the calf roping event was called on the opening day, Tom examined the outfits of his opponents. It required no second look to convince him that he was up against top performers.

Bliss Pardee, the acknowledged champion, was trim and dark, wiry and strong with glossy black hair and eyes to match. As capable as Pardee looked, however, Tom decided that he was at least no more than a match for his horse. Distinction was written all over the animal from his dainty ears to his flowing tail.

Sam Waite and Jack Van Ryster looked equally formidable. Waite was small and wizened, but possessed of an alertness that marked him as something above the ordinary. Van Ryster, on the other hand, was tall and slender with a huge nose that looked like a gable sticking out from his flat face. Both men possessed good horses.

AS men and horses awaited their turn, Tom mentally compared his own steed with those of his most famous competitors.

"Roany, it looks as if Dad was right; you're up against big stuff or my eyes can't tell good hoss meat when they see it," he confided to his horse, who rubbed his nose along his master's sleeve in reply. Tom hugged the muzzle gently with his arm. "I know what your tryin' to say, ol' Dust Eater,—tryin' to say you'll do your darndest—and that's a plenty."

Van Ryster was the first man up. Tom watched him eagerly as he arranged his tie ropes in his belt and shook out the loop of his riata. He admired the manner in which the big fellow managed his horse, seemingly with silent signals.

As the calf sprang from the opened gate and crossed the starting line, the judge's flag dropped and Van Ryster was off, his powerful Steel Dust horse taking up the distance between him and the calf in long, powerful springs.

Van Ryster's rope snaked out making a beautiful catch. In one bound the cowboy was off his horse, and in less than a bat of an eye the calf was on the ground safely tied.

A CHEER of approval went up from the throngs in the grand stand. The rodeo-wise crowd knew Van Ryster, and they also knew a clean catch and a quick tie when they saw one.

Tom's heart sank. Unused to watching the operation of catching calves from a spectator's viewpoint, he felt that surely no one in the world could make a catch and tie more quickly.

Other ropers followed the calves over the starting line, but no one equalled the time made by Van Ryster. Sam Waite and Bliss Pardee both made clean catches, but both were slower in putting the loops on the calves and in hog tying them.

At last Tom's number was called. He mounted Roany, his knees trembling until he could scarcely swing into the saddle. He was the youngest of the string of men and the only one, he had no doubt, who had not before participated in a rodeo contest.

"It's all in the start, "Van Ryster said to him as he passed on his way to the take-off. "Your hoss is a little small, but maybe he'll make up in speed what he lacks in weight."

Tom warmed to the big fellow for the kind words. Pardee was not quite so sympathetic.

"Bet four bits, son, your hoss falls down with you," he called jokingly.

Tom resented the implication. "Betcha four bits he picks up his calves quicker than that Steely of yourn."

"You're on, son," Pardee chuckled. "Go out and git 'em."

THE judge's flag dropped and Roany was off after the careening white calf.

Tom waited until he was sure, then flung his rope. It settled nicely over the calf's head and Roany pulled it taut as Tom took a flying leap through the air and went running down his rope.

He had watched the experts throw their calves, a task in which he had had little practice, for on the range the throwing had always been done with the rope. He seized the calf by the front leg, but could not upset him. As precious seconds clicked away he staggered after the stubborn calf. At last in sheer desperation, he let go of the leg and seized the animal over the back by the flanks and exerting all the power he could muster raised the calf from the ground and threw him on his side.

Seizing his tie rope, he hastily put some hitches over the calf's three legs and held up his arms to signify that he was through. The judges came over and turned the calf on to his other side. The rope held. But when the timer sang out the time, Tom's heart fell. He had been two seconds slower than either of the three rodeo experts.

He mounted and rode back to the chutes gathering up his rope as he went.

"Say, kid," Van Ryster called, "if you could a throwed your calf you'd a had us all scooped. You twist a wicked loop."

Tom grinned appreciatively, though he was not feeling cheerful just then. The two hundred dollar cash prize, it seemed to him, had been ticked off a thousand miles by the tiny springs of a stop watch.

ON the following morning, almost before it was light, Tom was out on the ranch of a friend he knew, practicing throwing calves. He was not afraid of his roping, but he had discovered that the professional rodeo men did know better how to handle an animal with his hands against time.

On the day previous he had seen that coveted two hundred dollars and his dreams slipping away from him, and was determined to do his best to hold them up.

When the time for calf roping arrived, Tom was eager to go. He had taken Roany through a private drill in starting and stopping and felt that despite his lack of blue blood, his own horse for the purpose was as good an animal as there was on the grounds.

Van Ryster once more made a brilliant catch, but this time his calf was large and even he had difficulty throwing him. As a result he was nearly three seconds slower than on the day previous.

PARDEE was next up. He followed his calf over the line, but just as he threw his rope, the animal swerved sharply and the loop went over his head. Tom could hear the champion swearing as he dug spurs into his horse and began shaking out a new loop.

Again the rope snaked out. This time it settled over the calf, but before the roper could pull it up the calf had slipped through and was gone. The expression on the champion's face as he returned to the chute checked the banter Tom had on his lips. The man was eliminated from first money and was taking defeat badly.

As Tom made Roany toe the line, when his turn came, he fancied he could see two hundred dollars and a year in college just out beyond the take-off. Waite and Van Ryster, as well as Pardee had beaten his time on the day previous, but with Pardee out of the running, his spirits rose.

He stroked Roany's shoulder as the men in the corral were getting a calf ready. At last the gate was opened and the calf leaped forth. Once more the judge's flag dropped and Roany was off.

All excitement dropped away from Tom as his narrowed eyes studied the fleeing animal before him. He let out his loop, calmly swung it once and let it go. Like a graceful serpent, it uncoiled falling easily over the calf's head.

AS Roany plowed up the dirt in stopping, Tom flew from his saddle and went down the rope to the calf. This time he reached over the calf's back, hooked his left hand in the loose skin behind the animal's shoulder and his right in his flanks and surged up. The practice of the morning helped. The calf, lifted high from the ground, lit on its side with a thud.

In a trice the three legs were tied together and Tom's hands were in the air. The judge's flag fell.

Breathlessly Tom awaited the timer's announcement. He knew he had made good time, but how good. At last it came. He had equaled Van Ryster's best mark made on the opening day.

As he returned to the chutes, Tom's father met him. "That was great," he chortled. "Never was a better cast made or a quicker tie. By granny, I believe you'll win this contest. Against the world's best, too!"

"There's another day comin'," Tom answered, "and Van Ryster's out in head. I made a poor showin' yesterday."

"But you'll be in the day money today—no doubt of that, "his father said as he climbed back over the fence out of the arena. "You'll get your entrance fee back and then some."

WHEN the calf roping events on the final day arrived four men were in the lead. First came Van Ryster followed closely by Waite. After them trailed Tom Leigh and another man called Cheyenne Blazer. Pardee's missed calf had disqualified him.

Tom's father was waiting at the gate as the ropers filed through.

"How do you feel, son?" he asked.

"Still believe in my prophets," Tom replied grimly.

"Prophets?" his father exclaimed, surprised. "What prophets?"

"I've still got the desire for that education," Tom answered soberly. "The prophets have the best chance of makin' good right now that I know anything about. That two hundred dollars would send me to college this year—with what I got."

"Be your own prophet, my boy," the elder Leigh replied. "You have 'em all beat. Go out there calm like and take 'em. I believe in you."

"And I believe in my prophets," Tom rejoined as he touched Roany and moved on to the chutes where the ropers were getting ready for the event.

AS on the previous day, Van Ryster led. Like a streak of red fire his Steel Dust horse followed the bellowing calf. Tom saw the cowboy shoot his rope and heard it sing as it whipped tight. Van Ryster was off on top of his calf in a split second, and the timer had called the time exultantly, Tom thought.

Tom groaned. Had his prophets failed him? Surely no human being could beat a time like that. But he set his jaws and waited his turn.

"Don't take it too hard," Pardee exclaimed as he waited, also. "That was fast time, but it can be beat. Watch mine."

Eagerly Tom watched as the champion went for his calf. Pardee seemed endowed with the very spirit of speed. His horse literally leaped upon the calf before the animal had made five jumps beyond the line, and the riata twirled out and over the calf's head. Pardee, with the agility of a cat, went for his catch and threw him at the first trial.

He had beaten Van Ryster by half a second. Tom remembered once more to breathe.

"You see," Pardee said triumphantly as he rode past, "it can be done. Lessee you do it."

Tom had forgiven Pardee for that first joke when he faced the starting line for the last time. The champion's success had given him

renewed hope of the two hundred dollars.

As he waited every muscle seemed tense as a harp string, and under him he could feel that Roany was likewise screwed up to the highest pitch. Above the uproar of the cheering crowd he could hear one voice distinctly. It was that of his father.

"Be your own prophet, son!" the voice was pleading excitedly.

"Yeah, I will, but I also believe in others, "Tom mumbled to himself. "I still have that desire, and right now's when I'm goin' a bring the thing to pass."

At that moment the calf burst from the pen. It was a large brindle fellow with horns just beginning to grow sharp.

After the flag dropped Roany did not wait for the prick of the spurs. With a bound that covered half the distance to the line, he was off. On his back was Tom Leigh, cool, determined, confident. He was trailing Van Ryster, Tom knew, and must take a chance if he was to have the prize.

As Roany's feet touched the white line, with fully forty feet separating him from the half grown calf, he rose in his stirrups, whirled his rope and cast. The sixty foot rope sprang out like a steel spring in the wake of the frightened calf.

The noose opened as if conscious that the goal had been reached and settled over the animal's head. As the rope straightened, Roany, possessed of the wisdom of the range, seemed to sense the crisis and settled back upon his haunches. The calf was brought to such a sudden stop that he was whirled completely around.

A ROAR went up from the grandstand. In a contest where champions were many, there had not been such a catch before. Tom, however, was unconscious of everything except his tie strings and the calf. Seizing the short yearling by the side and the flank he raised it from its feet and brought it down with a crash that for the moment stunned it. In that split second, the three powerful legs were brought together and securely tied.

The timer sang out the time as Tom rose to his feet. He had made a national record.

As Tom rode back to the chutes he was greeted by Van Ryster. "Kid," he said, in his slow way, "I guess us old timer's 'll have to take off our hats to you, but I don't feel so bad about it. That ropin' of yours was the best I ever saw."

"Thanks," Tom replied, delighted.

"Here's my hand, too." It was Pardee, now the ex-champion, speaking. "I hope we'll meet at some other rodeo."

"But we won't," Tom answered happily. "I'm leavin' next week for college."

"College?" Pardee echoed.

"You bet your life. "It was Leigh, senior, speaking. Then he turned to Tom. "Son, you're some prophet."

"Naw," Tom replied, "here's the true prophets. They gave me the key."

TOM LEIGH held out the little book, "Keys," which had been given him that day in the sand.

"You don't think they had anything to do with your winnin' this contest, do you?" his father asked skeptically.

"I certainly do," Tom replied emphatically. "Everything."

The British Missionary

(*Continued from page 729*)

and inspiration to the missionaries in the field. Reporters, photographers and visitors come to listen and to spread the news. These reports, mostly favorable, are invaluable aids to the elders when meeting with false beliefs, scandal and wrong opinions concerning the "Mormons." And there, in conference assembled, the presidents of the various European missions work out the program for the coming year, assisting by every known means the spread of the Gospel, and evolving new and helpful mission standards.

NO, a missionary's life in Great Britain is not dull or uninteresting. He has plenty to do, if he cares to apply himself. He has limitless opportunities for study, travel, learning, if he is so inclined. He may be a leader, a teacher, an exemplar of the Gospel to all mankind; and he may incorporate those principles of truth learned in the mission field in his home life after his mission is over —his short period of active missionary endeavor. But in all that he does, wherever he goes, he may have true joy—he may taste the joy of physical recreation, and the spiritual happiness that comes as a result of duty well done. As a true Latter-day Saint, he may listen to the whisper of the still small voice:

"It isn't the big show that you seem to make,
Nor the unnoticed sins that you hide,
That brings happy cheer each day in the year—
But the way that you feel, deep inside.

"It isn't the way that the world views your aims,
Nor a high reputation, nor pride,
That moves you along with a heart full of song—
It's the faithful 'Well done!' from inside."

A Spiritual Philosophy of Life

(*Continued from page 750*)

bearing personal and social responsibilities, in cultivating the habit of tolerance, in learning to live with other people in peace and comfort, notwithstanding wide differences in personalities.

The family has a place of supreme importance in the social order in that it not only makes possible the perpetuation of the race under the standards of civilization, but it also is both the primary and the finishing school in all the most fundamental virtues. It is this schooling that is the basic factor in social progress toward those spiritual goals, the attainment of which is the ambition and the destiny of enlightened humanity.

Mormon Caravan to Independence Rock

(Continued from page 741)

OUTSIDE the scout circle were spaces allotted to civilian camps, army representatives, commissaries, press representatives and visitors. Large areas had been cleared of sage brush for car parking, most of which was used July 4th. The "Mormon" caravan made camp in beehive form and attracted considerable attention as one of the largest unit camps at the celebration.

On the morning of the "Fourth," the first streaks of dawn saw steady streams of cars moving along the highway from all directions. No circus in its palmiest days drew such crowds as did "old Independence" that day. By the time the formal program began the nearest parking space was nearly half mile away and cars were still coming.

THE first impulse upon reaching the rock, and it seemed to be almost universal, was to climb to the top. Independence Rock was described in the Pioneer journals as about a quarter of a mile long,, three hundred yards wide and about three hundred feet high. From a distance it appears very much like the back of an elephant or a huge rhinoceros and as one begins the climb this comparison seems to be emphasized. Not difficult, if one is careful, the climb is quickly made and the extent of the space at the top is surprising. With hundreds of children in the Independence day crowds the top of the rock soon became a gigantic playground.

LOOKING back along the old trail, it can be seen for thirty miles. Looking toward Salt Lake City the view is interrupted by the low mountains through which Devil's Gate has been cut by the Sweetwater river. To the northwest is a large bed of saleratus, clearly visible from the rock. Pioneer diaries tell of the discovery of the saleratus and that tests proved it to be valuable for making bread. A batch of bread was made by Harriet Young during the noon stop of the Pioneers on June 21, 1847, so the narrative of William Clayton tells us, and she pronounced the saleratus "to be equal to the best she had ever used and it required even less of it than of the common saleratus." Many of the Pioneers filled buckets and other utensils and carried the supply along with them.

The principal feature of Independence Day program was the official ceremonial session at which the Ezra Meeker Memorial plaque donated by George D. Pratt of New York, treasurer of the Boy Scouts of America and Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Oregon Trail Memorial Association, was unveiled by the donor. Under the direction of Mr. R. S. Ellison, of Casper, Chairman of the Wyoming Historical Landmarks Commission, who presided, the program included talks such as have rarely been heard in the wilderness of the west. Speakers were Mr. Ellison, James E. West, Chief Scout Executive Boy Scouts of America, Mr. Pratt, Dr. Howard R. Driggs, formerly of Salt Lake City and now Professor of English at New York University, and President of the Oregon Trail Memorial Association, and Governor Frank C. Emerson of Wyoming. On the platform among the Pioneers and guests of honor were George Albert Smith, B. H. Roberts, Andrew Jenson, Ruth May Fox and others of the "Mormon" caravan. While the part played by the "Mormon" Pioneers had evidently been overlooked entirely in planning the program, the speakers gave full measure of credit to them.

THE dedication of markers and monuments was one of the important features of the day. At the opening meeting the Pratt plaque honoring Ezra Meeker was the first of a series of unveilings and dedications. At sessions held around the official stand in the early afternoon, first the Knights of Columbus of Wyoming unveiled and dedicated a bronze marker in honor of Father De Smet. The inscription, beneath the insignia of that order relates that the marker is "In memory of Father P. J. De Smet, S. J., 1840, who named the rock 'The Register of the Desert.' Dedicated July 4, 1930, by Wyoming Knights of Columbus."

Father De Smet was a Jesuit Priest and one of the early missionaries to the Indians and trappers of the West.

The second marker dedicated was that of the Masonic order. Beneath the square and compass emblem the inscription reads thus: "The first lodge of Masons in what is now the State of Wyoming was convened on Independence Rock on July 4, 1862, by a body of Master Masons who were traveling west on the Old Oregon Trail. To commemorate this event Lodge No. 15, A. F. & A. M. of Casper, Wyoming, held Memorial services on July 4, 1930."

The Wyoming Masons held a Grand Lodge session on top of the rock as a part of the official program of the day.

There had previously been placed in the face of the rock the largest tablet of the four by the Oregon Trail Memorial Association. This marker reads: "Independence Rock, probably discovered by returning Astorians, 1812. Given its name by emigrants who celebrated Independence day here July 4, 1825. Captain Bonneville passed here with first covered wagons, 1832. Whitman and Spalding Pioneers, with their wives stopped here in 1836. Father De Smet saw it and owing to many names upon it called it the 'Register of the Desert," 1840. Gen. John C. Fremont camped here with U. S. Army Aug. 2, 1842. 50,000 emigrants passed here in 1853. It is the most famous landmark on the Old Oregon Trail."

IT seemed that all groups entitled to recognition had been properly recognized except the "Mormons," who formed probably the largest body of emigrants and who undoubtedly had more of its mem-

bers pass the rock in early days than any other group. To overcome this lack of representation, the "Mormon" party, headed by Elder George Albert Smith, made a careful survey of the face of the rock in the area where the markers are set and at 9 o'clock on the morning of July 4, selected a spot for the L. D. S. Pioneer marker, which, it is planned, shall do full honor to our cause.

IN the late afternoon, near Devil's Gate, five miles west of the rock on the Sweetwater river, two monuments were dedicated: The first, that provided by the Professional and Business Womens' Club of Casper, in honor of the women Pioneers who passed that way from 1836 to 1870. The first white women, the record states, were the wives of Rev. H. H. Spalding and Marcus Whitman. At this service Ruth May Fox, herself one of the Women Pioneers being honored by the monument, was one of the principal speakers by special invitation.

The second monument was unveiled in honor of the unknown Pioneers who had been buried nearby. Some forty graves are still discernible. Not far from the spot is the location of Martin's Hollow or Martin's Ravine, as it is also called, where many of the handcart emigrants in Edward Martin's company in 1856 laid down their tired bodies before reaching the promised land.

A monster campfire meeting in the evening, at which Elder George Albert Smith was the principal speaker, with Oscar A. Kirkham conducting the singing and Prof. Henry E. Giles, pioneer musician furnishing old-time music on the violin, closed the program for the day.

DURING the stay at the rock caravan members searched among the thousands of names, which have been carved, scratched, painted and written in every conceivable place, for those of their relatives. Prominent among those located is that of Elias Morris. Passing that place he carved the following inscription on the highest point of the rock: "Elias & Mary Morris, No. Wales, Sept. 18, 1852." Among the other names were found E. A. Smith, 1852, H. H. Bowen, (no date), J. M. Merrill, 1854, C. W. Cook, May, 1866, W. J. Hanks, Ill., 1850, J. D. Edge, Ohio, June 11, '62, J. H. Baughman, July 4, 1850, H. Marsh, July 4, 1850, J. N. Staley, June 11, '50, L. P. Clark, June 9, 1850, and Edward Pratt. Names prominent in early "Mormon" history were strangely absent. It is estimated that 4,000 names placed on the rock before the coming of the railroad are still there.

The first bit of real pioneering experienced by the caravan came with the start homeward. Decision had been made to follow the old trail as nearly as possible from Independence Rock to the crossing of Little Sandy creek where Jim Bridger met Brigham Young and tried to induce him to continue on to California, insisting that otherwise the people would die of starvation. Careful study of maps and trail guides in advance had been made and for nearly a hundred miles the highway was followed with the old trail in sight most of the way.

AT the last crossing of the Sweetwater, on the route we were following, some pioneer atmosphere was created during the stop for breakfast when, with Prof. Giles and his "fiddle" supplying music a "set" of dancers indulged in the old-time dances of the plains, which formed the principal part of the recreation in the early days.

George Albert Smith and Howard R. Driggs at monument to Mormon Pioneers, at Tom Sun ranch near Devil's Gate on old Pioneer trail. Dedicated July 4, 1930.

We had passed Split Rock, Three Crossings and Ice Spring, or Ice Slough as some call it and were now heading for the famous South Pass, one of the most notable points of the old trail. At this point, where the trail crosses the Continental Divide, as one looks east the streams are seen flowing toward the Atlantic ocean. Looking west, a short distance away, other streams are heading for the Pacific. Crossing the pass and starting down the western slope must have been a joyful experience to the Pioneers.

FEELING our way cautiously along little traveled mountain roads, keeping as near the old trail as possible, we passed within sight of the old St. Mary's station on the trail and after following Rocky Ridge, a terrible stretch for the handcart companies, history tells us, we came upon one of the most pleasant experiences of the journey. We had been directed to inquire at Lewiston Mines, a deserted mining village, of one Charles Jackson, the route to take to other points of importance on the trail. As we made ourselves known, Friend Jackson, a typical miner, 78 years of age, was overcome with emotion. He told us that for many years he had hoped that a party of "Mormons" would come that way as he wanted to tell them something that had been on his mind a long time. It seems that some years ago he had read an account of the handcart companies passing that way. Their journey over Rocky Ridge and up the backbone of the continent was marked with hardship, sacrifice and tragedy. Many had died before reaching that point and as winter was coming on it was evident that more would follow. The story, and especially that portion of it telling of fifteen of the Saints who died in one night at Rock Creek Hollow, being buried in one grave, so touched this hardy mountaineer that he could get no rest, as he told us, until he had searched out the grave, from the information he could secure, and had marked it with a crude stone monument. Having done this he was anxious that our people should know where the grave was in order that the honor and recognition due these brave souls should be expressed in a permanent monument.

Not knowing how to get the information to the proper persons, he had worried about it considerably and was greatly relieved when the very people who could use the information to the best advantage came to his door.

AFTER telling us of what had happened, he added, "I am not a 'Mormon' but I believe the 'Mormon' people are the bravest people in the world. I am glad to get this off my mind. It has been there a long time. I certainly have a kindly feeling for your people. Not since the days of the Pioneers has a party of 'Mormons' of this size passed over this trail." Then he concluded with the comment, "The 'Mormons' are the finest people I ever knew."

Assistant Church Historian Andrew Jenson was the official guide and with the facts already in his possession and the information secured from Mr. Jackson, the grave at Rock Creek Hollow, known to the people in that vicinity as Emigrant Crossing, was located and after carefully checking the surroundings including the well-marked outlines of the old trail as it crosses the hollow and goes up the west bank, two temporary markers were placed, one at the grave and one on the trail. Tiny mounds, here and there on the flat, bore mute evidence of other tragedies. It was here that the Willey handcart company, in the late fall of 1856, encountered severe storms and were unable to proceed further without assistance. Practically without food and totally unprepared for winter weather the suffering was intense and many died before rescue parties sent out by Brigham Young could reach them.

REPORTED high water in the Willow Creek and Sweetwater streams caused the caravan to proceed over the South Pass at a point somewhat north of the old trail. Through South Pass City we soon took up the general course of the trail again toward Pacific Spring, but as the present highway follows a higher ridge, we touched the trail only at a very few places. The Big Sandy creek, followed for some distance by the Pioneers and then Little Sandy on the banks of which the meeting between Jim Bridger and Brigham Young occurred were the last points of importance and these were crossed in Eden valley. From here the caravan deserted the Pioneer trail for a modern boulevard and continued into Rock Springs on the Lincoln highway.

Those who participated in this caravan were enthusiastic over tentative plans for a monster excursion over the old trail next year to place the "Mormon" Pioneer marker at Independence Rock and to set up road signs and guide posts at various points of interest. Some have suggested a special caravan to proceed to Winter Quarters, Nebraska, and then to follow the trail as nearly as possible to Independence Rock, there to meet the main caravan from the West, the entire party to follow the original trail westward, wherever feasible, marking the story spots and setting up directions which later parties might follow.

The celebration at Independence Rock and the reports from other states, Iowa, Nebraska and Wyoming in particular, indicate that interest in the trails of early days and the accomplishments of the Pioneers of the West is greater than ever before. These states are organizing groups for the purpose of marking trails and historic places and honoring those who blazed the way to the west. Wyoming has already set up an Historical Landmarks Commission. It is to be hoped that descendants of the "Mormon" Pioneers, wherever they are to be found, will join in such movements and make certain that proper honor and recognition are accorded those who, for the sake of religious freedom, and not for gold or other wealth, came West and braved its hardships to establish homes and build communities.

THE Oregon Trail Memorial Association has secured the authorization of Congress, said to be the last such authorization ever to be given, for the coining of six million half-dollar pieces as memorial coins for the Oregon Trail. These are sold at a dollar each and the profit is used to mark and memorialize the old trail and historic places of the west. Other associations are cooperating with the Oregon Trail group in disposing of the coins and in return are able to provide for the marking of historic places within their own states.

Thus a National movement, headed by a former Utahn, Dr. Howard R. Driggs, President of the Oregon Trail Memorial Association, is rapidly getting under way, with every assurance that the story spots of the early days shall be marked and the record of heroic deeds of the pioneers of the west preserved for future generations.

Words of President Joseph F. Smith

(*Continued from page 726*)

spend years of time and endless means in order to gather in a few people from the world, while some of our own boys and girls need redemption as much as they besides these people of the world are so full of the traditions and superstitions of their fathers when they gather to Zion that it is difficult, if not impossible, for them entirely to overcome these traditions and get down to a full comprehension of the Gospel and a complete reception of the truth. Yet a soul saved out in the world is as precious in the sight of God as a soul saved at home. But we have work to do right at home, at our own doors; and it will not do for us to neglect the work necessary to be done at our own thresholds, and then go out into the world to do work that is no more necessary. Let us do our duty everywhere. * * *

LET us live our religion; let us pay our tithing and be blessed; let us remember the poor and the needy, and sustain and help them: let us visit the sick and afflicted, and administer consolation unto them; let us help the weak; let us do all in our power to build up Zion, to establish righteousness in the earth, and to plant in the hearts of the people the glorious truth that Jesus Christ is the Redeemer of the world, that Joseph Smith is a prophet of the living God, whom the Lord raised up in these last days to restore the everlasting Gospel and the power of the Holy Priesthood to the world.

—*Remarks at the General Conference, Oct. 6, 1902.*

A Chapter in the History of Utah Schools

By
JUDGE DANIEL HARRINGTON

ABOUT seventeen years ago, or during the last year of the administration of the late A. C. Nelson, as state superintendent of schools, there gathered in the old "Science Hall," at American Fork, a group of educators, prominent church men, as well as a number of other earnest citizens, both male and female, to take part in dedicating, or naming, the new $20,000 Central School building, in honor of a worthy citizen and legislator, who had sponsored the law of 1867, giving each school district of the territory the right to support its schools, either by taxation, or by tuition.

Prominent in this gathering, were Dr. J. T. Kingsbury, president of the University of Utah, A. C. Nelson, state superintendent of schools, Dr. J. M. Tanner, L. D. S. commissioner of education, the school board of American Fork, local educators, J. B. Forbes and E. A. Henroid, Presidents S. L. Chipman and J. H. Clark, of the Alpine stake presidency, members of the family of the late L. E. Harrington and others.

AT this meeting the people of American Fork were warmly praised and congratulated on the historical fact that they had voted and established, under the said law of 1867, *the first public free school in Utah*, if not in the Rocky Mountain country.

Chairman George Cunningham, of the local school board, in referring to the object of the meeting, stated that the board had decided to call the new building the Harrington School, in honor of the late Honorable Leonard E. Harrington, who, as chairman of the judiciary committee of the legislative council of the session of 1867, had promoted the law, and on his return to American Fork and in the fall of that year advised and fostered the election which launched and established the free schools of that town. Within about a year of this election, the city built two new school houses, one in the eastern, the other in the western part of the city, and a third, "Science Hall," was maintained in the center. In those days, it is recalled, the friends of the new system praised it as a success, as out of a then population of about 1600 inhabitants, 400, one-fourth of the population, were "enrolled in the schools."

REFERRING to the merits of free schools at this gathering, the writer of this article after thanking, in behalf of the family, the board and citizens for the honor shown them in naming the school after their father, expressed the thought that he doubted whether or not our free institutions could endure without the leveling and co-ordinating effects of free schools, as they tended to equalize the opportunities of every boy and girl. Even with free schools, it was plain there was much disparity on account of the intrusions of wealth, pseudo-aristocracy, etc., hence it behooves all to stand as adamant for this common boon.

While from the above background, coupled with the fact that I taught for over four years in the public schools and acted as county superintendent for two terms, and while the sacredness of free schools has always been and still is almost a passion with me, I do not share the apprehension expressed by some, that the establishing of Biblical and Christian seminaries in this, and some other states, near the high schools, thus giving students of all persuasions Christian cultural training, tends to lessen or undermine the usefulness of the schools. On the contrary, they are almost, if not quite, corollaries to the schools, as they tend to inculcate moral rectitude, strength of character and Christian ideals.

Besides, as our United States supreme court has held that this is a Christian nation, is it not well, even incumbent, that we foster this principle as being in keeping with good public policy?

AGAIN, Orville Dewey, in one of the finest apostrophes to Liberty ever written, answers this in the affirmative, where he says: "And when a people leaves the leading-strings of prescriptive authority and enters upon the ground of freedom, that ground must be fenced with law; it must be tilled with wisdom; it must be hallowed with prayer. The tribunal of justice, the free school, the Holy Church must be built there, to entrench, to defend and to keep the sacred heritage."

Is not that an ennobling trinity —the tribunal of justice, the free school, the Holy Church.

Daniel Webster, too, adds this fine warning:

> "But, if we and our posterity reject religious instruction and authority, violate the rules of eternal justice, trifle with the injunctions of morality, and recklessly destroy the political constitution which holds us together, no man can tell how sudden a catastrophe may overwhelm us, that shall bury all our glory in profound obscurity. Should that catastrophe happen, let it have no history! Let the horrible narrative never be written!"

In view of these sentiments, and in the light of the experience of all, is it not manifest that the teaching of moral and Christian virtues add to the perpetuity and strength of our institutions, rather than to their weakness?

TAMPER not with conscience; it is the soul's compass. Reflect that the little sins that seem today like the soft balls of fur, named lion's cubs, fit for playthings, will tomorrow be wild beasts crouching at thy door."

—Hillis.

PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS

All Melchizedek Priesthood material is prepared under the direction of the Council of the Twelve; and all Aaronic Priesthood material is prepared under the direction of the Presiding Bishopric.

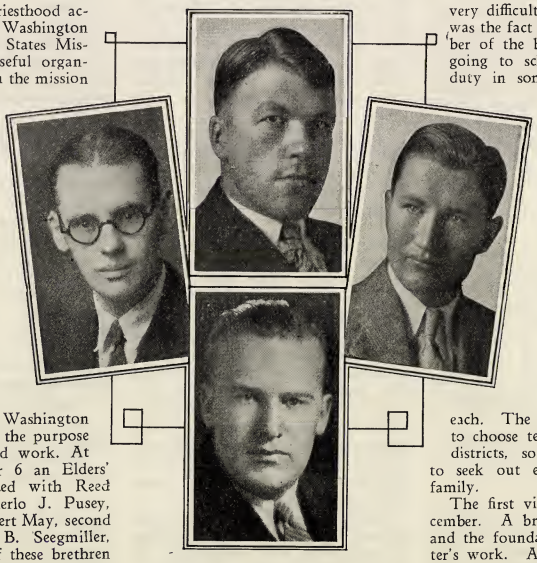
The Priesthood Begins to Function in Washington, D.C.

THE first year of priesthood activity in the Washington Branch of the Eastern States Mission illustrates how useful organized quorums may be in the mission field. Washington was chosen for organization of the second Priesthood quorum in a mission branch. First honors in this respect went to Chicago. If the Priesthood is as successful everywhere as it was during the first winter in the National Capital, organized quorums will no doubt spring up in many mission fields.

Elder Frank Pocock, of the Eastern States Mission, visited Washington in October, 1929, for the purpose of initiating Priesthood work. At a meeting on October 6 an Elders' Quorum was organized with Reed Walker, president; Merlo J. Pusey, first counselor; J. Herbert May, second counselor, and Arlo B. Seegmiller, secretary. Selection of these brethren for the work was confirmed by those present, and they were set apart following the meeting.

The new quorum began to function without the aid of any precedent for organized Priesthood work in the mission field. Even the duties to be undertaken by the quorum were somewhat vague, and those called upon to lead in the work were relatively inexperienced. But there was a humility of spirit and a determination to do whatever was called for. It was decided that the quorum would take full responsibility for conducting the sacramental services at every meeting; that it would take charge of administering to the sick whenever need arose; that it would undertake a program of block teaching, and do special missionary work.

The evening meeting on the first Sunday of each month was set aside for Priesthood work. Such meetings assembled under the auspices of the M. I. A., and the Priesthood took charge after the opening exercises. Separate classes in genealogy were provided for the women in attendance.



PRESIDENCY AND SECRETARY OF ELDERS' QUORUM, WASHINGTON BRANCH EASTERN STATES MISSION

Top, Reed Walker, president; left, Merlo J. Pusey, first counselor; right, J. Herbert May, second counselor; bottom, A. B Seegmiller, secretary.

The feasibility of block teaching in a city the size of Washington was much discussed. Washington has a flourishing branch of the Church that is constatntly replenished by a stream of young men and women from Utah who come here to go to school, but the members of the Church are so scattered as to make block teaching very difficult. One other difficulty was the fact that nearly every member of the branch is working and going to school or doing double duty in some other manner, and few have much time to devote to Church work.

Elder Howard S. Bennion, who is in charge of Priesthood work for the mission, persuaded the quorum that regular monthly teaching could be done, however, and an earnest attempt was made. Elder May was given direct responsibility for this work. The city was divided into districts with a "captain" in charge of each. The captains were requested to choose teachers from their own districts, so far as possible, and to seek out every Latter-day Saint family.

The first visits were made in December. A branch census was taken and the foundation laid for the winter's work. As a result of these first visits the quorum was able to give the branch clerk the names of twenty persons who desired their recommends sent to Washington.

Religious progress during the last 100 years was chosen as the theme of the winter's work, in keeping with the Church centennial. Messages to guide the teachers in their visits were prepared each month. To further assist the growing army of teachers, the monthly meetings were devoted to topics of special interest to them. Each month a new subject was treated by some outstanding member of the branch, and then the teachers went out to extend the message in the homes of the Saints. In this way a series of developments in religion and spiritual life was brought to the attention of members of the branch during the winter, and they were asked to contemplate the progress which the

Church has made since it was founded.

This teaching experiment succeeded better than was expected. Elders Reed Vetterli, Riley A. Gwynn, Wilford A. Payne, W. N. Johannessen, Vernon N. Norr, Ernest A. Wyss and Wallace McBride were chosen to captain the districts. Later there was added to this group Elders Samuel Carpenter, Owen Reichmann and M. S. Bennion, During the month of January the brethren made 76 visits and 16 calls where families were not at home. In February the total number of visits rose to 151. The following months fell somewhat short of that mark, but an average of well over 100 visits was made.

One of the first projects completed by the new quorum was the collection of a fund for two missionaries in the field from this branch. A committee appointed to supervise this work turned over $250.25 to the officers of the quorum, to be sent to the elders as a Christmas present. Elder Wallace McBride was chairman of the committee.

A standing committee was chosen to visit the sick and perform administrations wherever necessary or desirable. The committee was selected from experienced and spiritual men, and included the following: President E. B. Brossard, Theodore Bohn, Samuel R. Carpenter, George D. Casto, Melvin Freebairn, Riley A. Gwynn, Wallace M. Hales, G. A. Iverson, Harold A. Lafount, Wallace McBride, D. Lawrence McKay and Owen Reichmann. These brethren made many visits during the winter, and through the help of the Lord, brought comfort and relief to Saints in distress.

The special missionary work is not yet definitely under way. But some missionaries have been sent to Washington from mission headquarters, and the elders quorum is endeavoring to assist them in a program of cottage meetings.

Regular monthly meetings were held all winter with a special meeting to conclude the year's work on June 8. The first meeting, entirely under the auspices of the new quorum, was held Sunday evening, April 6, in commemoration of the founding of the Church. An excellent program was carried out, with music by members of the quorum, a reading by Brother Frank Murdock, of the branch presidency, and an inspiring address by Congressman Don B. Colton.

Throughout the year an effort was made to interest young men of the Church in Priesthood work, and to advance worthy members to more responsible positions. At the meeting in May five promotions in the Priesthood were effected, most of the brethren being ordained to the office of elder. Attendance at the quorum meetings showed an average for the season of 49 members of the Priesthood, and final figures showed that the block teachers made 553 visits for the five months that the quorum was active. The branch presidency reports a considerable increase in the attendance at sacrament and other meetings since the quorum was organized.

Follow-up Work, the Secret of Success

By ALFONS FINCH

Aaronic Priesthood Supervis or, 26th Ward, Pioneer Stake

Motto: A place for every person, no person without a place, and no person out of his place is the perfection of organization.

THE basis for the training of the Aaronic Priesthood is formed by the weekly assignment of duties, such as assisting in the Sacrament, visiting quorum members, ward teaching and many others. It requires knowledge, skill and experience to deal out such assignments properly. There is a great field for the watchfulness of the instructor to see that assignments are not given to the first man that meets the eye of the quorum officer in charge but to all members alike and to the greatest possible number of them. That must include members who for any reason are not present at quorum meeting, and these should be notified of their assignment by special messenger.

The assignment of duties constitutes a major part of the quorum meeting and is to be completed by checking up in the following meeting.

Between the assignment and the final check-up, however, lies the real task of supervisor and quorum officers. The check-up merely gives the facts of assignments filled or not filled.

It is easy to go the way of least resistance, to accept an assignment readily without any real intention of fulfilling the obligation. Even the willing and faithful boy at times finds himself in a position where something very attractive crowds out the memory of an accepted assignment, and at the next meting he has to report "not filled." To condemn the boy for that would be wrong and unfair to him. His failure to "fill" does not necessarily constitute bad intention, but might be the result of a combination of unfortunate circumstances. The very fact that we sometimes call the Aaronic Priesthood the Divine Training Course for the duties coming with the Higher Priesthood indicates that we cannot expect the boys to be perfect. Some have tried to brand failure to live up to an assignment as downright dishonesty. It is not so. The training of the Lesser Priesthood should include a living emphasis of loyalty to any accepted cause, supervisors to lead out with the officers to follow and the membership to fall in line. The filling of an assignment sometimes calls for the sacrifice of a show or party or at any rate something more pleasant to the boy than the duty involved, and for some it is a long, painful way to the point where one is loyal at any cost. He who is without fault may cast the first stone!

The thing which really counts and makes for better records, for work well done and for worthwhile training is the follow-up work of supervisors and officers. It is in that part of the work that the supervisor really shows that he has his calling at heart. This work requires all his tact, skill, patience and a lot of extra time and efforts behind the scene, for which he might never get any credit and praise. It is that part of the work also, which makes the supervisor's job big and interesting, in which he gains lasting friendship, saves souls and ensures the future of the work of the Lord.

The follow-up work can be divided into three different phases. One is to help the boy in his preparation for the fulfillment of an assignment. For example: The boy has been assigned to give a short talk; the supervisor can help him to secure the necessary material, invite him to his own home or go to the boy's home to formulate his talk. That assignment will be successful in many ways: it teaches the boy how to go about such things, it gives him confidence in himself, it creates love for his friend, the supervisor, both become pals; the boy will thereafter more readily follow where the supervisor leads. These are only some of the possibilities resulting from the execution of that particular assignment.

Another phase of the follow-up

(*Continued on page 778*)

Our Congratulations

To the Leaders in the First Campaign

Union and Teton Stakes led the Church in percentage of *Era* Subscriptions.

WALTER A. BEAN
Union Stake

MRS. ANNIE BLACK
Union Stake

WM. A. STRONG
Teton Stake

FLORENCE PARKINSON
Teton Stake

The New Improvement Era begins its Second Year

Heartiest congratulations are again extended to the splendid M. I. A. army and the loyal Priesthood leaders who scored such a tremendous success in the first campaign for the *Era*. Magazine publishers, the country over, have marveled at the success you achieved. All records for Church magazine subscriptions were broken and thousands of L. D. S. homes received the monthly visits of the *Improvement Era* for the first time.

As a result the influence of this excellent magazine representing the Mutual Improvement Associations, the Priesthood Quorums and the Church schools was greatly extended. The *Era* assumed an enviable position among the magazines bidding for the patronage of the people of the intermountain west. The leading homes of the majority of the communities in the mountain states were reached and the *Era* messages were carried far and wide.

Letters of approval and commendation from Church leaders, educators, business men and others give evidence of the reception accorded the magazine in its new form. All indicate that our publication has not only made tremendous strides in number of subscriptions, but has also made decided progress in editorial efficiency.

Subscriptions Expiring in October are now being Renewed

We are now nearing the end of the first year. All subscriptions which began with the new volume—November—are now to be renewed as the subscriptions expire next month. Subscriptions expiring before October are already being renewed at an encouraging rate. Others will follow in due time. It is important, however, that we organize fully and completely at the earliest possible moment not only to renew all the original subscriptions but to make a substantial increase. "The *Era* in every home" is our goal and every possible effort should be made to reach it.

Centennial Year beckons us onward. With the *Era* making such big strides and so much important work to be done among old and young of the Church, we must press onward and increase the number of our readers. This means not only greater influence but increased revenues, both from subscriptions and advertising, making possible a bigger and better magazine.

The plans for next year, made possible by your splendid cooperation in the first campaign, greatly extend the scope of the *Era*. At the fall conventions these plans will be outlined and described in printed matter. Certainly no Latter-day Saint home will want to be without this excellent magazine in the light of the new program and the important things happening in these momentous days.

To avoid congestion and delays at the last moment, with many thousands of subscriptions to renew, the suggestion is made that all loyal friends of the *Era* send in their subscriptions at the earliest date possible. Every subscription in before the campaign will make the handling of our work just that much more efficient. We therefore urge that you who read this—

Send in Your Own Subscription

Don't wait for a representative to call. Send it Right NOW

MUTUAL WORK

Executive Department

General Superintendency Y. M. M. I. A.
GEORGE ALBERT SMITH,
RICHARD R. LYMAN,
MELVIN J. BALLARD,
Executive Secretary:
OSCAR A. KIRKHAM,

General Offices Y. M. M. I. A.
47 EAST SOUTH TEMPLE STREET

General Offices Y. L. M. I. A.
33 BISHOP'S BUILDING
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

General Presidency Y. L. M. I. A.
RUTH MAY FOX,
LUCY GRANT CANNON,
CLARISSA A. BEESLEY,
Secretary:
ELSIE HOGAN

Releases and Appointments

THE wheels of time are constantly bringing changes which mortals must accept willingly or otherwise. This time the change means the release from the General Board of Y. L. M. I. A. of three of our faithful members—Sisters May Booth Talmage, Mary Connelly Kimball and Elva M. Wessel. Sister Talmage was chosen as an aid by our late President Elmina S. Taylor, whose judgment was unerring, in October, 1892, and in all that time has been a valued, efficient worker. Among the many lines of service in which she has engaged, none, perhaps, has been more noteworthy than that of her missionary labor. Accompanying her husband, Elder James E. Talmage, who was called in 1924 to preside over the European Mission, she was instrumental to a large degree, in planting our M. I. A. work on a firm foundation, notwithstanding the fact that she was at the same time President of the Relief Societies of the mission.

Mary C. Kimball has been a member of the General Board since 1904. She also was chosen by President Elmina S. Taylor. Both of these sisters brought to the Board unqualified abilities and devotion. Both have served as Editors of the *Young Woman's Journal;* both have practically covered the Church in their administration, and will long be remembered for their geniality, efficiency and genuine helpfulness.

Sister Elva Moss, now Mrs. W. C. Wessel, has not been with us so long, but she also has covered the Church in her capacity of Field Worker; having been especially interested in recreational activities, summer camp work has claimed much of her attention, and many are the officers and young girls who will miss her happy, vivacious manner.

It is with the heart-felt regret of every member of our Board that these sisters have found it necessary to ask for their releases. However they are justified in their action. Sister Talmage has served long and valiantly and deserves much needed rest. Sister Kimball has been asked to edit the Relief Society Magazine, a position which she is admirably adapted to fill. Sister Wessel has seen fit to launch her barque on the sea of matrimony and will soon go to New York to join her husband, who is Assistant National Camp Director of the Boy Scouts of America.

May the blessings of our Heavenly Father rest upon these sisters wherever their lot may be cast. They may be assured that the love and admiration of the members of the Board will always be theirs.

We have now the pleasure to announce the name of Glenn J. Beeley as an addition to our corps of aids. She comes to us particularly qualified in arts and crafts, an activity in which our girls are much interested. She is also a good Latter-day Saint, full of faith and good works. We feel that the General Board is to be congratulated on Sister Beeley's appointment.

Organizing the M. I. A. Program for 1930

The time—September 16!

The place—Every ward meeting house in the Church!

The girls and boys—Members of the M. I. A., more than 100,000 strong!

A GOOD beginning augurs well for the success of the year's work. Make your opening social one that will long be remembered by all who participate. The Directors of Era and Publicity will find opportunity for a fine piece of work before this opening event. They should plan to advertise it thoroughly so that widespread interest will be aroused in the excellent M. I. A. program for the year and everybody will be eager for the opening session.

It is hoped that all organizations will have been effected prior to the opening date and all preparations carefully made. Several features are recommended as appropriate for the opening social:

a. The Era dramatization, "The First Year of Married Life."

b. "A Little Scout Shall Lead Them."

c. A Bee-Hive Junior Festival.

All of these were presented at the June Conference. The first and second may be obtained from the General offices; the last appears in the August Era. For other material suitable for this opening session, see M. I. A. Hand Book, p. 109.

The Plan for the Year

Each year's program in the M. I. A. is better than the last. We are assured that the changes in organization for this season will greatly facilitate the work of the executives and give opportunity for department leaders to secure some fine results. The present plan will bring the entire corps of leaders into even greater unity than heretofore. Some small wards may find it necessary to assign one person to more than one position, but in most cases we believe that the full quota of fourteen may be secured.

The Courses of Study or Discussion Themes are all excellent and, coming as they do in Manual form, will enable class leaders and members to obtain at the beginning of the year an understanding of the path to be traveled and the goal to be reached. In view of the many requests received in the past for just this plan, it is believed that all will appreciate it.

Sunday Evening Joint Session for October

To be presented by the Junior and Bee-Hive Girls.

Opening Song—"Our Mountain Home So Dear."

Prayer—A Junior Girl.

Song—"Oh It's Joy to be a Junior Girl." (The committee recommends that the Junior Girls mimeograph enough copies to pass out to audience so they can sing.)

A presentation of past general Slogans, (Dramatize if possible).

Five minute talk on general Slogan for 1930-31—Junior Girl.

Five minute talk on Junior project as a support to the Slogan.

Quartette or chorus — "Junior Roses."

Talk — Bee-Hive Symbolism as based on "The Life of the Bee"—Bee-Keeper.

Singing—Bee-Hive Songs.

Demonstration of cell-filling from Fields of Religion and Home, such as:

Religion—Cells, Nos. 2, 4, 17, 18, 19, 20, 67, 69, or 70.

Home—Cells Nos. 251, 288, 293, 312, 318, 326, or 327. (If cells are completely filled on this program seals may be awarded before the audience.)

Repeating of "Builder's Purpose" and "Bee-Keeper's Service," Bee-Hive Girls.

Singing—Bee-Hive Songs.

Prayer—Bee-Hive Girl.

It is to be remembered that the Slogan is to have place on the programs of the monthly Sunday evening joint meetings and the closing sessions of the stake conferences. It is suggeted that the Slogan be effectively stated and then a tribute paid to one of the Latter-day Saint Ideals. The following is the first of twelve tributes which will be provided through the Era by the committee on Slogans. The paragraph contains about one hundred words. Two minutes is ample time for a slogan exercise.

Truth Seeking

From a Latter-day Saint point of view: Truth Seeking is as boundless as the universe and as endless as eternity. It calls to the telescope and the microscope, to the library and the laboratory, to the lecture hall and the conversation circles. It beckons to self-inspection. It inspires investigation to the limit of human reach and then it pauses not but leads on to God for wisdom. It is an ideal in which study and faith are complements of each other. In it philosophy and prayer are everlasting allies, and so we stand for *Truth Seeking* by study and by faith as did the prophet Joseph Smith.

Note: Departments having responsibility for the various monthly joint sessions are indicated in the 1930-31 Handbook Supplement, page 11.

Gold and Green Centennial Waltz

The half-hour activity program for September 30th, 1930, calls for a group assembly to be taught the first half of the contest dance. Since the dance is a combination of the Gold and Green contest waltz of 1927-28, and the waltz from the Gold and Green Caprice of 1929-30, leaders should be found readily in every ward who can put the dance together (according to the instructions in the 1930-31 handbook supplement, page 29) and teach it to the group. Any of the boys and girls who participated in these two dances will be able to lend assistance and with their help leaders should have no difficulty in getting the new contest dance launched early.

(*Continued on page 771*)

Our Students have won 27 Typewriters for speed and accuracy in Local and National Contests

FALL TERM JUST STARTING—NOW IS A GOOD TIME TO ENROLL

Attend a school with a National Reputation that holds Five World Records and Be a Winner. Every Graduate Placed in a position. We are having more good positions than we can fill. New students are enrolling each week. Call, write or phone for information. Visitors welcome. See our school in session. Make your plans now to prepare for a good position.

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Adult Department

COMMITTEE

Dr. Arthur L. Beeley, and Lucy W. Smith, Chairmen; Dr. Joseph F. Merrill, Dr. Franklin S. Harris, Lewis T. Cannon, Dr. Lyman L. Daines, Ann M. Cannon, Rose W. Bennett, Emily H. Higgs, Charlotte Stewart

WITH the new season now beginning, the Adult Department of the M. I. A. takes on form, enthusiasm and activity. One of the finest forces of adult education to be found, and fraught with immeasurable possibilities for expansion and growth, leaders and members alike should respond to the stimulus of another season and set about to accomplish unprecedented results. Maturity is one of time's loveliest gifts—the "last of life for which the first was made"—and can be made to yield up treasures never reached in youth. In these later years comes the clearness of vision which makes for happiness; only adulthood is complete, for therein is combined memories of youth with wisdom of years.

Discussion Period

To see a question from its various angles and in all its possible phases, one must hear or participate in a discussion with others; must follow the mind processes of those whose viewpoint is different; must have new light shed upon the subject. Few minds are so constructed as to reflect all sides at once, for which reason discussion is vital to the broad and deep grasp of any problem.

The Adult Manual

For 1930-31 there has been provided an unusually interesting and helpful course of study—Hygiene and Sanitation—and to this subject many delightful evenings may be devoted. In a day of enlightenment, when the horrors of disease and the scourge of harmful bacteria are largely mitigated by the scientific discoveries, and when life expectancy has been increased some twenty years, it is a progressive and fascinating study to go into the reasons and explanations of these things.

Prepared by eminent scholars in this field, the manual for the Joint Adult Department contains grains of truth which will contribute inestimably to the information of the adult members of the M. I. A. and unfold for them a vista of wonder and gratitude for the marvels which are daily increasing their protection and hope of longer life.

Women's Manual

In those wards in which the Priesthood-M. I. A. plan is in force, the adult women meet during the hour of the Priesthood meeting. For these groups a separate manual is provided. In it is contained subject matter for discussion along lines of: Ethics of the Doctrine and Covenants, Music, and Indian Lore. The first is a thorough analysis of the revelations given to the Prophet Joseph Smith in the light of their application to daily life. The second series presents phases of music and music appreciation which should expand and enlarge the average understanding of music and its place in a plan of cultural development. The third is a study of the American Indian—his origin, history, education, sociology, religion, arts, crafts and symbolism, and a glimpse of the poetry of his race. Certain to prove interesting and beneficial, this little manual is worthy of deep study and earnest consideration.

Book

For the Adult department the reading course volume is, "Grandmother Brown's Hundred Years." It is the simple, beautiful story of a century in which lived this lovable, faithful woman. To read it is to know better and to love more our own heroic pioneers and grandparents, for they lived during the century pictured, and many of their experiences were much the same as Grandmother Brown's.

Project

There will be no definite project for the department this year. In place of that, there are to be several all to be based on the foundation of health and hygiene. From time to time there will appear in the Era suggestions and recommendations, prepared by the general committee, for your guidance.

To live more abundantly is the lot of all who participate freely in the M. I. A. program for the year ahead.

One-Act Contest Play

The first of the plays for contest this year is to be read during the half-hour activity programs in early October. One play "In the Making," is available at the General Board Offices. The rest will be announced in a later issue of the *Era*.

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"Made in Salt Lake City"

Character Personality Education

Three Essentials of

Success

—and the *greatest* of these is *Character!*

Every Child Should Know

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M Men Department

COMMITTEE

Herbert B. Maw, Chairman; John F. Bowman, Thomas A. Beal, Oscar W. Carlson, Alma Clayton, Homer C. Warner, Nicholas G. Morgan

AN eminent educator, a guest-professor at a Utah college during the past summer, made the observation that there was one great difference between the youth organizations of the sectarian churches with which he was familiar and the M. I. A. of the "Mormon" Church. "In others," he remarked, "those who participate are for the most part the unattractive, the backward, the poor, the uneducated, the physically handicapped; in your Church it is just the opposite. Your intelligent, strong, athletic boys; your lovely, talented, popular girls all take part, and seem to find in it great joy."

In this expression, Dr. Blanks of the University of California hit upon one of the fundamentals of M. I. A. success. Not for a certain group, but for all groups; not to substitute for other activities, but to supply all that is essential in the development of culture, joy and character.

The M Men program for the coming year has within its scope as fine an outline for accomplishment as is to be found anywhere. Discussion, sociability, activity and service, bound up together with a strong tie of brotherhood and spirituality—this constitutes, truly, one of life's highest values.

Manual for 1930-31

"Choosing an Occupation."

Reading Course Book

"The Light in the Clearing," by Irving Bacheller.

Project

"Non-Use of Tobacco."

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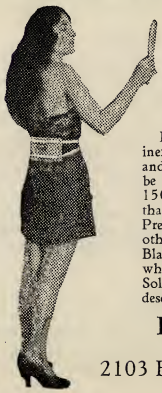

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Gleaner Girls Department

COMMITTEE

Grace C. Nelsen, Chairman · Rachel G. Taylor, Martha G. Smith, Margaret Newman, Emily C. Adams

A New Season

There is a charm to newness along every line. A new day with its glint of gold and pink of dawn gives hope, strength and determination to make beautiful the hours ahead; a new friendship lays the foundation for joyous contacts never wholly appreciated before; a new dress adds, within as well as without, a feeling of fresh courage, of self-reliance.

And now we are beginning a new season. Full of glad promise, shrouded in exciting mystery, certain to be tinged with achievement greater than all the little failures, with pleasures outbalancing the little pains; with satisfaction to compensate for little inequalities—lying in wait through the coming months is a wealth of possibility for joyous living.

The Gleaner Manual

Written by one of the outstanding youth-leaders of the Church, this little volume adds laurels to the reputation of its author—Dr. Adam S. Bennion. Full of information and inspiration, many fields of a girl's life are explored and their possibilities for gleaning estimated. To a leader, the Gleaner manual will come as a heaven-send; to a girl it will bring new thought, new light, and the spirit which helps to build to new heights; to the casual reader it will give uplift and the strength to carry on.

Book

Not often does an animal story rise to a plane of human realism, in which the inarticulate characters seem almost to become people with all their feelings and attributes, but this happens in "Bambi." It has captured the untranslatable quality of charm which makes a book a friend and a blessing. Read "Bambi" and draw near to nature and the creatures which our Father has placed upon the earth. (If your ward cannot obtain the entire reading course, Gleaner and Junior Girls may join and both read "Bambi" or the Junior book—"The Life of Schumann Heink.")

Project

"I will Gather Treasures of truth."

Tucked away in the lives and hearts of those on all sides of us are memories which bless and strengthen and inspire. Some of them have never been told, and their perfume is lost to us. Yours, Gleaner Girls, is the responsibility of finding these stories, of hearing and writing and preserving them to be a source of help to others forever.

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Executive Dept.

(*Continued from page 768*)

The Hand Book Supplement

The Hand Book Supplement contains in concise form all the information necessary to the carrying forward of the work smoothly and effectively. Read it and make it the text at union meetings and ward officers' meetings. If each ward association will follow the Tuesday half-hour activity programs as suggested, it will be found that by the third Tuesday in March all requirements will have been filled for mass participation and the desired results will have been secured as a natural outgrowth of the work completed each evening. The program is so arranged that, for the most part, time is provided within the activity period for rehearsals of parts to be presented before the general assembly.

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Junior Girls Department

COMMITTEE
Laura P. Nicholson, Chairman; Agnes C. Knowlton, Julia S. Baxter, Emma Goddard, Katie C. Jensen

To Junior Leaders

Are we making the most of the Junior Department?

A glorious opportunity is afforded us in our contact with the sixteen and seventeen year old girl. Who shall say she is not a child? Who shall say she is not a woman?

Are the leaders making of her a real study? See her through! Do not leave her at the most anxious age of life!

The Junior girl is not a step-child of life. She is the heroine of fiction, the budding Juliet, the maid of Orleans, and the pet of Tarkington. What is she to you? The Junior General Committee feels that the Junior department to receive its due consideration, must be given some real nurturing during the season now dawning.

Responsibility of Leadership

Talk given to Junior leaders at M. I. A. Conference, June, 1930

By MARIE C. THOMAS

"There is one virtue, to help human beings to a free and beautiful life. There is one sin, to do them cruel and indifferent hurt. The love of humanity is the whole of morality. This is goodness."

—*William Lowe.*

THE one thought back of the M. I. A. program is to help human beings to a free and beautiful life. We are called as leaders in this great program. Our special call is to help girls of sixteen and seventeen to make their lives more beautiful, and free.

Our call is divine. We are in the employ of our Heavenly Father. It is a privilege to be a leader in our Church. We grow spiritually, mentally, and socially. We make our own lives more beautiful, more free, while we have the satisfaction of helping others.

I once heard a president of a ward organization say to a young woman: "We want you to be a Junior teacher. There isn't much to it. There are not many girls, and it means only an hour and a half on Tuesday night." That president did not have the spirit of her calling. She did not understand the responsibility which she had accepted. If the young woman accepted the call, her responsibility was not discharged until she had asked and urged every girl of sixteen and seventeen years of age to become enrolled in the M. I. A. and had interested them to the extent of holding them. She could not interest them without hours of preparation, of which the one and a half or two hours at Mutual would be a very small part. She must be prayerful. She must go before her Father in Heaven and ask for his spirit to guide her. Her influence with her girls would amount to little if she were not a true Latter-day Saint herself.

I have in my hand a letter which was given me one half hour after I had asked four Junior girls to write their impressions of Mutual. This letter was written by a bonafide Junior girl. I chose this one because it is very frank and a little more critical than the others.

"I am a Junior. I have enjoyed my work from week to week a great deal but —I have borne in silence many things which I am very glad to have the chance to express. I like my leaders in some ways, but in some other ways, I do not.

"Some leaders hold themselves aloof from us girls, and we resent it. They give the impression that they are much better than we are, and that they are merely condescending to teach us. Then too, in contrast, there is the leader who makes herself one of us to too great an extent. She gets right in with us and tells us to call her by her first name, and plays and laughs with us until we lose the respect which we should have in order to take in a right spirit that which she is giving us. We begin to question what she tells us and soon we will accept nothing unless it agrees exactly with our own feelings on the particular subject.

"We like a leader who is full of fun, and a leader who can be very serious when the occasion demands it. We like a leader who has an interesting personality, and can do things and be something. No one likes someone whose personality is nil, especially are Junior girls inclined that way. We are told to be dependable, but how can we be dependable if our leaders are not dependable?"

Junior leaders, let's study our program, and follow it as far as possible. If you have something better to substitute, that is permissible, but be sure it is better.

Our M. I. A. study courses are prepared after hours of thought and deliberation by women who are trying to live the Gospel; by women who ask our Father in Heaven to guide and direct them, trusting that everything they do in the spirit of their calling will be inspired by him.

(*Continued on page 775*)

Vanguards-Scouts Department

COMMITTEE
Dr. George R. Hill, Jr., and Charley R. Mabey, Chairmen; Nicholas G. Smith, German E. Ellsworth, LeRoi C. Snow, Ernest P. Horsley

MUCH has been written and spoken of the progress of the last century. Along lines of education, industry, mechanics, travel, and innumerable other lengthy strides have been taken toward advancement.

There is one field in particular which has been the scene of stupendous improvement—the field of boy-life and leadership. The Boy Scout program is the agency most prominently progressive in this line, and great has been the success resulting from a program of activities which fill the boy's life completely and constructively. Few Scout leaders have the opportunity to reinforce and emphasize the high points of the program in the same measure as Latter-day Saint leaders, for the background of "Mormon" ideals is one of power and purposeful activity.

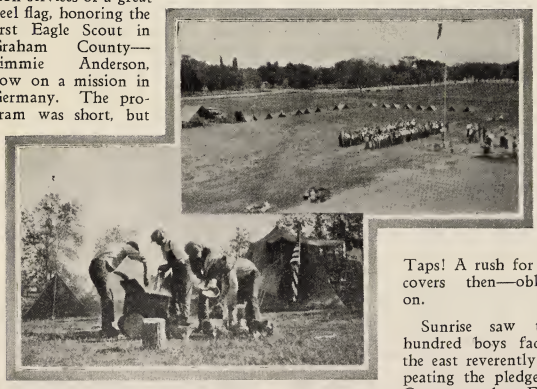
Gila College Scouts Third Annual Pow-Wow

A UNIQUE group is the Gila College Boy Scouts, a leadership organization numbering fifty-six during the past three years. Each year these fine chaps entertain all their brother Scouts of Graham County and also those of Virden, New Mexico at a Great Scout Pow-Wow.

This year, more than two hundred Scouts pitched their tents on the college athletic field around a huge council fire, to take part in the dedication services of a great steel flag, honoring the first Eagle Scout in Graham County—Jimmie Anderson, now on a mission in Germany. The program was short, but impressive: Speeches from Scout officials and businessmen, one Boy Scout—the Star Spangled Banner (by the college forty-piece band) as the enormous flag, donated by Jimmie's parents, slowly climbed the pole and flung itself to the breeze. The moon was full, the night calm and still. The silence was intense as five hundred hearts quickened in a renewed pledge to Country and to God.

Then followed a most stirring Court of Honor in which hundreds of awards were made to deserving Scouts—among which were 4 Eagle Scouts. As the boys to be honored were recommended by the Scoutmasters, they stood before a Court of Honor whose members were Scout officials and most prominent men in the community.

The campfire program followed, with its stories, stunts and songs.



Taps! A rush for the covers then—oblivion.

Sunrise saw two hundred boys facing the east reverently repeating the pledge to Country and to Flag. The day was alive with activity! Training school in the morning, contests for the Gila College pennant in the afternoon. Pounding hearts, eager for battle! The contest was hot, but every fellow a real sport. No one questioned Virden's right to the pennant.

So, as the last boyish voice echoed over the campus, the third annual Gila College Pow Wow became a part of history.

(Continued on page 775)

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Bee Hive Girls Department

COMMITTEE

Catherine Folsom, Chairman; Sarah R. Cannon, Vida Fox Clawson, Marie C. Thomas, Glenn J. Beeley, Elsie T. Brandley

Welcome into the Bee-Hive

INTO the Bee-Hive ranks each year come several thousand new members, and to you who are entering the M. I. A. this season we extend hearty welcome. Lying ahead of you is a new program, full of interest, of activity, of opportunity for development and success. Along with you have come other girls who are facing the same prospect as are you, and in their association you will pass along through the two ranks of the Bee-Hive.

The work awaiting you is like nothing you have known before, for around it and beneath it and within it is a new spirit—the spirit of doing for others as well as for yourselves, of sharing your information, of understanding the natures, thoughts and aspirations of friends. It is the Spirit of the Hive, and by this spirit are the bees governed. It is an unseen power which actuates and motivates every act of their lives, every impulse of their beings. Not for themselves alone do they gather honey, prepare the cells in which to store it, clean and care for the hive, feed the queen bee who is the mother of the generation to come, and follow her lead when she shall call them to depart in search of a new home; but for the race of tomorrow, also, they do these things. To each other they tender their absolute loyalty and utmost cooperation. To their leader they give the love of their hearts and have implicit trust in her ability to guide them safely through difficulties and joys alike. To the tasks awaiting them they turn with quiet determination: to gather honey while the fields along the countryside are bright with flowers, that every cell may be filled when the leaves begin to fall, and that each may be sealed with the purity which makes it impervious to foreign particles and destructive elements.

Welcome, new Bee-Hive Girls. May the spirit of the Hive envelop and clothe you in its power of unselfishness, of industry, of loyalty. May the power within it engender in your hearts a longing to find the sweetness of life's experiences in the flower of your youth, that for maturity you will have garnered and stored knowledge and wisdom from fields of Religion, Home, Health, Domestic Art, Out-of-Doors, Business and Public Service. May every hour of your Bee-Hive-Girlhood add to the priceless ness of the treasure you are laying up for yourselves, which moth and rust many not corrupt, nor thieves break in and steal.

Book for the Reading Course

The Bee-Hive Girls have a treat in store for them on the reading course for the season of 1930-31—"Mother Carey's Chickens," by Kate Douglas Wiggin, well-known and beloved author of many other delightful books.

This is the story of a family so dear and human and charmingly natural that one feels that bits of it must have been taken from your own homes. The loss of their father puts them to the necessity of devising ways and means of getting the most out of life without too much expense, and their efforts to cooperate are most interesting. Mother Carey, herself, who helps the children to help themselves, the boys and girls, the cousin and the aunt, and last but not by any means least, the boys and girls who appear on the horizon as possible future Carey in-laws are woven into a story of such tenderness, humor, pathos and sweetness as is seldom found. It takes one by the throat every now and then and gives a little shake that is almost like a sob, followed so soon by a smile that the sadness is lost, which is, after all, very like all of our lives.

The book is good because it is true. Every Bee-Hive girl who reads "Mother Carey's Chickens" will see herself in Nancy and Kathleen, for in them are pictured the happy, normal girls of every age.

Project

I will overcome some undesirable habit.

Habit is a cable slowly woven, according to the old adage, and true it is that little by little we forge chains about ourselves—some good, some not very good, which hold us bound until we exert the will power to change.

Bee-Hive girls are no longer children, and their little-girl ways, with their little-girl days, should be passing; and with it should come a sort of stock-taking. Ask the questions:

What are my habits of health, manners, thought and attitude?

Do I offend and grieve my loved ones through carelessness and indifference?

Do I alienate my friends through a lack of consideration, through jealousy, non-sociability?

Do I harm myself through habits of staying up late, overindulging in candy and other sweets, dancing too much?

Do I detract from my own joy in living through being pessimistic, unsympathetic, suspicious, lazy or careless?

Analyze yourself to yourself, and after discovering the habit you can well do without, set about to rid yourself of it.

Junior Girls' Department

(*Continued from page 772*)

Junior leaders, we have our girls about seventy-two hours in the year. Let's make them golden hours. Let's make them hours of inspiration so that when the girls leave our classes, they will have a real message of life. Each girl will have something planted within her heart that will help her to a free and beautiful life.

In conclusion, I wish to read the *Teacher's Creed*, written by Mayme Murray Goodman, and I pray that every Junior leader will feel the same spirit, the same sense of responsibility as expressed in this selection.

"I am some girl's instructor. Knowl-

"I am some girl's inspiration. I must look well to my source of light.

"I am some girl's guide. I must watch my step.

"I am some girl's model. Am I worthy?

"I am some girl's instructor. Knowledge must lead me aright. I must continually learn, observe, and serve.

"I am some girl's counselor. Wisdom must guide me.

"I am some girl's health advisor. Nature must teach me, that I may point the way.

"I am some girl's play director. I must have cheer in my heart, laughter on my lips, sparkle in my eyes, and grace in my step.

"I am some girl's spiritual leader. Beautiful thoughts must be mine. I must impart these as well as facts and figures.

"I am next to mother in some girl's life. Master of life, lead me by the hand. Give me strength and devotion for my sacred task.

"I am some girl's disciplinarian. Poise, patience, self-restraint, mastery over self, must be mine.

"Thrice blessed is the one who inspires, encourages, loves, and arouses in a young girl enthusiasm to seek greater heights."

Amen.

Vanguard-Scouts Department

Project

(*Continued from page 773*)

In accordance with the plan adopted by the M. I. A. a few years ago, the Vanguard-Scouts have for this year a project which maps out for them a specific task, and one which will give pleasure in the process and results alike.

"Marking Historic Places" is the project, and to it Scout and Vanguard leaders should turn their attention and endeavor to direct the attention of the boys. Because of its associations of history, religion and personal achievement, this activity should create in the Scouts an appreciation for places which have been the scenes of human affairs.

Books

The Reading Course books for this department are, "Chad of Knob Hill," by Howard R. Garis, for the Scouts; "On the Bottom," by Edward Ellsberg, for the Vanguards. A part of true education is the appreciation and love for good books, and this comes through familiarity with them.

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A Chateau in Normandy

(*Continued from page 743*)

he came down the room toward her. He smiled out of his wide, dark eyes, the smile of an awe-struck child that had always been so endearing. And he blurted, as a child might have done: "Why Allie, you're different! I'd scarcely have known you!"

She was glad, in that moment, that the pain did not strike. She could regard him happily, thankful for his good fortune, pleased as always to see an old friend.

He was a little older than she, as the years had it, and his face at close range showed changes; yet when he stood before her like that with his shy, slow smile and all his vibrant slenderness, it seemed that centuries stood between them.

She said simply, "Hello. It's Bret Winters." Then to cover the silence; "Glad to see you, and congratulations! The town was out to meet you with the band, I heard."

Gradually she warmed him into speech. He talked of himself. Because she was gifted, there was no shadow of the past. He talked for a long time, under her warm smile, glad, too, for the disassociation. She was likable, this hour!

He told her of the things he had done, slight, but worth telling, the great hopes he still held.

He mentioned the legacy.

THEN he went on, in a rush of confiding words, to tell of the girl he was going to marry.

"Now," he said simply, "I can take her to Europe—Normandy. I've always wanted to see Normandy. I don't know why." He had forgotten!

Allie was all enthusiasm. "Great! Bret, you must make the most of Normandy. Can you get along on what money you have?"

He did smile at her now! From his pocket he drew a huge roll of bills, yellow and orange, almost too thick for his grasp. "Didn't you hear about this?"

Instantly she was all concern. "Don't carry it in currency, Bret. Have the bank keep it for you!"

He laughed. "It gives me a swell feeling. It's a chance in a lifetime, Allie. I never had more than one slim green in my pockets before. I enjoy it!"

Still such a boy!

ALLIE'S eyes could not leave him as he lounged contentedly about, then found a chair and stretched back in it as if for a long visit. The bakery was warm, this August day, and smelled of sugary things. He might have found greater comfort almost anywhere else. But here he stayed, talking his head off to Allie.

She drank in every word, her eyes alight, glorying in his youth and dreams and happiness. There was no past between them; only this deep new friendliness. He showed her a picture of his bride-to-be, a frail, pretty girl; and looked up with his appealing smile for her approval. It came resoundingly!

Allie loved him, unutterably, but in a strange new way. To know that he was well and happy, to hear his sweet, confiding dreams was all she asked; yet she would have given him all she had if he had needed it!

THAT was the bitter point. He did not need her. To him, as to everyone else, she was simply Allie Mason, the best sort he knew.

He did not leave until the late crowds began to stream in for their hot supper rolls.

Allie waved an affable farewell, tucked a doughnut into Willie Bradshaw's bag of potato buns, and turned quickly toward the inner room, for she was weeping unaccountably.

But that was the end of that, then and there. She got it right out of her system. The days went on their happy, ordered ways, and Bret Winters' occasional visits failed to wake a tremor in her broad bosom. She accepted him serenely as another good friend, was enthusiastic with him over his enthralling plans, and wished that he were much younger so that she could lavish cream pies and doughnuts on him. She yearned to have a part in his brimming happiness, and there was nothing she could do!

CALAMITY descended a few days later, rocking the town. It was Bret's calamity. His money was gone! Lost or stolen—who could tell? It had vanished completely.

Nothing of the sort had ever happened here, where thieves were practically unknown, and keys seldom turned in doors. People were indignant, and baffled. The town daily published an editorial, scoring the possible thief and entreating in the name of civic virtue and human kindness that the money be restored. Men discussed it perplexedly on corners and in offices. Small boys were to be seen loitering along roads, their intent eyes glued to the ground. But no clues were found.

Bret came into the bakery once, and tried to talk of it lightly, but gave it up with a white and stricken smile. Allie thought that her heart would break. If he would have accepted it, she would gladly have offered her own money, all she had!

THE searching went on, but it was growing hopeless. Finally, after every possible corner had been combed to the limit, Bret gave up and prepared to leave.

"Where? Oh, somewhere. No, not back where I came from. She'll care, of course, but I wouldn't let her marry me now, after all the plans we'd made. I didn't ask her until I heard about the money, and it wouldn't be fair. I'll just wander about a little, I guess."

Everyone felt sorry for Bret. He was lovable and gifted, and his romantic plans for a trip to Europe had captured stolid imaginations. Who was the unnameable thief?

But the lowest of thieves have hearts, it appeared. On the very day he had planned to leave, Bret's money came back to him! The postman delivered a bulky package, filled with green and yellow notes! It was entirely anonymous. No trace indicated a possible sender. The postmark bore the name of a neighboring town, that was all.

The news spread like wildfire, and the people received it with all the enthusiasm of a political victory. Whooping with excitement, tooting raucous automobile horns, his friends bore him to the train. They shouted and whistled as the train pulled out.

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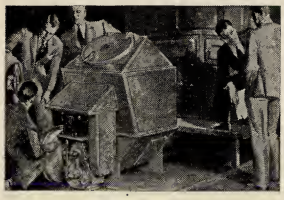

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BRET stood on the platform smiling, as the train bore him farther, farther toward his remote and glamorous destination. Every watcher felt for a moment the wistful thrill of uncharted travel, before they all turned back to the places and the work that had busied them for years.

Bret had not had time to stop at the bakery to say good bye.

* * *

Another pay day had come around.

Allie wiped the mist of perspiration from her forehead and started for the bank.

Cool new cotton dresses were on display in the Emporium window. Seven-ninety-five. Awful price, but they were pretty, and these old chambrays with their long sleeves were frights! Allie went in, and recklessly bought two.

MOST of the bulge was gone from her purse now, but she felt better.

"Hello, Allie. Gee, you're all dressed up! Going somewhere?"

"Hello, Allie. What a sweet dress!"

People. Greetings. Friends.

Across the street she could see the little McIntyre children again, with their nurse. They waved a greeting, but this time even the boy did not further fall from grace. Probably scared stiff! Poor little tikes. She would love to send them rolling pell mell down a grassy hill. Yes, and the old lady after them.

Allie pushed her remaining money across the counter as Ralph McIntyre came over to wait on her.

He surveyed the money and smiled down, speculatively. "You'll have to do better than that, Allie, if you expect to buy a business of your own."

ALLIE shifted her eyes. "I've decided against it," she told him breezily. "Too much responsibility for me. I'll just go on working for somebody else, and sleep well at nights."

"By the way, Allie," he was studying her keenly. "Are you quite sure that all the money you drew out last week is safely invested? It would be too bad to take any risks."

Allie regarded him with a hint of suspicion. "Don't worry. It's invested more safely than you could do it for me—and bigger dividends, too."

She prepared to leave, but he detained her. "Just one more thing, Allie. I want to tell you how proud this honest people's town is that Bret Winters' stolen money came back safely. You've restored some precious ideals."

Allie crumpled. He knew! She could deny nothing!

CHALLENGINGLY, she flared, "Ralph McIntyre, if you ever dare to whisper so much as a word to *anybody*, "Ill—I'll—Oh, Ralph, you won't, will you?"

In a new vibrant voice he said slowly, "What a blessed—little—idiot you are, my dear."

She looked up swiftly.

Ralph's eyes were on her, not going beyond or through her, this time, but searching her very depths.

And, with just a suggestion of a fluttering chill, she sensed that he was not regarding her as "good old Allie Mason."

It was the ineffable look of a man to a woman who has become to him, in the miracle of a moment, very wonderful and very dear.

Follow-Up Work---The Secret of Success

(*Continued from page 765*)

work is to be with the boy when he actually fulfills his assignment. To illustrate: the boy has been assigned to do ward teaching or to visit delinquent members. If the supervisor knows that the boy falls easily for excuses, then it is his job to help him to conquer that trait by his presence and participation. It is well to remember that if it comes to doing things there are two classes of people, those who push and those who have to be pushed. The latter class is often just as successful as the former as long as they have somebody to coax them along a little. They have to be reckoned with. Why not help them in their own way?

The third kind of follow-up work I have in mind is the one connected

with the check-up at the next meeting. Supervisor and quorum presidency have to watch out for such assignments as were not filled. They should ascertain the cause of the failure in kindness and fairness, hear his side of the story and then if possible extend the assignment to give the boy another chance to fill the original request. For an example: the boy has been assigned to cover a certain district to collect fast offerings; for some reason he failed to do so. The check-up at the next meeting should bring that fact to light; the assignment is still in effect because his district has not been covered; the result as far as offerings are concerned may not be as good as if the work had been done at the appointed time. But the boy can redeem himself, and it will teach him the lesson that he might have done just as well done in the first place and then with more satisfaction and better results.

Where this kind of work is done the boys will grow and develop in leaps and bounds, they will benefit and the ward as a whole will benefit; and when the time comes the Lord will have a small army to choose his leaders from, all well trained and grounded in the faith.

May the supervisors get the vision of their work. The possibilites are glorious, but it requires hard work and endless patience and tolerance. This is the age of specialization. The supervisors must stick to their job in spite of many discouragements and disappointments. Those in authority should not, without serious cause, change the men in this work when they are doing good. It takes sometimes years to get definite and telling results, but sooner or later they will appear and bring joy and happiness to those who remain faithful to their trust.

Teaching

"He who stops learning should stop teaching."

He who ceases to inquire is unfitted to impart. Even the stores of knowledge gathered in past years lose their freshness, vitality and vitalizing influence when accumulation no longer goes on. There must be a running stream—no one wants stagnant water. President Angell of Michigan University said "No man can produce attractive and nutritious food for others by incessantly threshing, in the same monotonous way, the very same straw which, for an indefinite period, he has been turning over and over, and pounding with his pedagogic flail."

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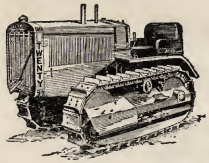

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Expatriation

(*Continued from page 735*)

of them and of Mr. Redfield's quixotic notions, there is no good reason why we should not marry, and especially if we live on the Islands where we are not known. Your father was happy; your mother was a devoted wife; are we so much wiser and better than they were?"

"Yes, it is possible they were happy, but look at me. What a price I'm paying for their happiness! And you know, Nate, we could never be satisfied with the thought hanging over us that some day our children would condemn us as severely as I condemn my parents. I love your devotion and of course do not want you to jump overboard, but you must be very circumspect until we reach Hawaii and then absolutely you must return home. Unless you promise to do so I shall be forced to hide from you and completely change my plans."

"Well, there's time enough to discuss that before we land. Meanwhile I'll promise to be on my best behavior."

NATURALLY the two were gloomy and made very few acquaintances during the journey. Nell learned from Nate how he had secretly come aboard the vessel with the determination not to let his presence be known until they were well out at sea. He also made it very clear to her that he was determined not to give up the fight until she was persuaded to marry him. Her spirit was torn by his pleading. Being so firmly convinced of the correctness of her own position she felt that to yield to his arguments would be weakness so contemptible that she would not deserve the respect of anyone; and yet with all her soul she longed to capitulate and go again to his arms as his promised wife. Thus there was abundant reason for depression.

After a week of looking upon nothing but water, the first glimpse of the verdant Hawaiian Islands thrilled them. Momentarily they forgot the nearness of their separation. As the *Maui* steamed slowly into the Honolulu harbor the two joined with other interested passengers in watching the native boys swimming about the vessel and diving for the small coins which were thrown from the deck. The mad scramble and splashing which ensued when an improvident American threw a half dollar overboard actually made Nell laugh.

A REFINED old lady, Mrs. Conrad, who occupied the cabin adjoining hers and with whom she had become slightly acquainted, patted her arm affectionately.

"It does me good, dearie," she whispered, "to see you smile. It's the first one I've seen on your sweet face since we came aboard. Whatever your sorrow is, and apparently it is grievous and hard to bear, smile as often as you can. It's God's way of letting peace and sunshine into the troubled soul."

Nell was surprised. Unconsciously she had felt that to forget her grief for a single instant would be to commit sin. The sympathetic words inspired new courage. Though her sorrow was unforgettable the brooding habit was one which she must not form; it would be too dangerous in her isolation. The lady had walked away and the girl followed her.

"Thank you for your wise suggestion," she said simply. "Your words have already brought sunshine and peace."

THE few days spent in Honolulu and about the island of Oahu, on which the city is located, were full of interest, likewise of trial to the lovers. The interest was traceable to drives about the city and country, to the mixed population of Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese and Americans, the trials primarily to Nate's insistent pleadings and Nell's determination not to yield to them; but the progeny of mixed marriages, so numerous on every hand, also played a part in making the girl unhappy.

The two were invited by Mrs. Conrad, the acquaintance made on shipboard, and her son to drive about the island. Mother and son called for their guests and after looking about the city they drove through an adjacent canyon. As they approached its summit, known as the "Pali," Mr. Conrad warned them to hold fast to their hats or they would be blown away. As no breeze could be felt they were inclined to treat the warning as a joke until it was repeated in all seriousness. Soon they came to a jutting cliff, at which point the road made a sharp turn. Here not only hats but the people themselves were almost swept out of the car, so strong was the wind. At the highest point on the road they were given a chance to alight and in the direct current, which had all the proportions of a terrific gale, it was almost impossible for Nate, with all his strength, to stand, quite impossible to remain erect, while but a few yards in either direction no breeze at all was to be felt.

THE "Pali" afforded a scenic view of rare beauty—one of the finest on these very scenic islands. A serpentine road led into the fertile valley below them. Fruitful fields of sugar-cane, rice and pine-apples stretched for miles to the right and left, and in the distance the ocean was visible, its blue artistically enlivened by countless white-caps. Here and there, men, women and children were busy herding flocks of birds from the rice-fields. Mr. Conrad stated that farmers and birds match wits, industry and endurance to see which shall do the harvesting, and that the contest usually results in a tie—at least neither side wins a complete victory.

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LATER Nell had, somewhat protestingly, consented to a trip to the island of Hawaii, the largest of the group, in order

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to see the great Kilauea volcano in action. The twenty-hour boat ride from Honolulu to Hilo, now that the travelers had found their sea legs, was dreamy and restful. Mauna Loa, the highest peak of the islands, nearly fourteen thousand feet high, towered, as it appeared, directly above them even when they were well out at sea. Its summit was a beautiful pink—a modest blush, Nate said, because of the kiss it was receiving from the rising sun, in the presence of so many witnesses. A short distance away several whales were disporting themselves in the water and a dull red furnished color for the scene and at the same time indicated the spot where the volcano was seething and hissing.

It was while looking into the molten mass, literally rivers and lakes of red hot lava, that the girl thought she saw a reflection of her own heart, purgatory in the midst of enchanting surroundings. She walked away from Nate. There was something sinister but, dangerously attractive, about the weird and grotesque figures which were being thrown into the air as though spewed from the mouth of some herculean monster. The girl was shocked that the arms which these fiery forms seemed to hold out to her were so inviting. For centuries, as she had heard, native girls with broken hearts had come here and, bidding goodbye to the world, had thrown themselves into the crater of this inferno and met a terrible but speedy death. "No heart-ache so intense that Kilauea cannot heal it," was the common saying. This cauldron offered a solution to her own troubles. Surely the molten lava could not burn more fatally into her vitals than the painful truth of her birth was burning into her soul. Was it the sixteenth of colored blood which drove her so near the perilous brink and made such a fate so attractive?

NELL shuddered at the thought, which now seemed startlingly near to a reality, that the sixteenth was dominating the remaining fifteen-sixteenths. Before she knew of her own descent she had often heard how insistent for recognition negro blood is. Here, thought she, was tangible evidence of it. Thoroughly frightened, she hastened back to Nate, lest the temptation to throw herself from the crater prove too strong.

She flung herself into his arms. "Take me away from here quickly, I cannot bear it a moment longer."

THE young fellow attributed her action to surrender and joyfully assisted her to the waiting car. She did not have the heart to undeceive him. Indeed, she was by no means sure that she was not ready to accede to his wishes. Why should she suffer such agony because of a defect of birth? Life was so dismal without him, the future so hopeless, and she loved him so much! Nate had told her that once the step was taken all misgivings would vanish as the vague vapors which precede sunrise on the ocean. After all, perhaps that would be the case. In any event, it seemed between her lover and the volcano she must choose.

Nell talked but little during the ride down to Hilo, and during the voyage back to Honolulu. But while she did not assent to any change in their relations, never once did she say, as she had constantly done before, that it was madness to think of such a thing. Nate's devotion touched her deeply. Even now he respected her subdued condition, but it was evident that he was in a high state of happiness and hopefulness. To crush these hopes, destroy that happiness, to immolate herself, for her course seemed nothing less than that, was more than she could now make up her mind to do.

HER passage had been engaged to Samoa, and she suspected that Nate secretly had purchased a ticket for himself on the same boat. She surprised him by asking the direct question.

"Yes, I will not let you go to that outlandish country alone, so why not consent to our marriage here and take the honey-moon trip to Samoa as we originally planned it. If you would prefer to remain there rather than return to the States I am willing to make the South Sea Islands our permanent home."

As long as her courage remained, the struggle was not so severe, but with crumbling determination, the battle was too oppressive to endure long.

WHY should she not consent? Nate had not failed to remind her that Mr. and Mrs. Terry were very happy, living peaceful and contented lives and blessed with a daughter who was beautiful and accomplished. Why should she sit in judgment on them? Why should anyone sit in judgment on her if she yielded to her lover's plea?

"I'd like to say yes, Nate, but I cannot tonight." She hesitated. "If it will give you any pleasure, neither can I say no. We'll have to leave it that way until tomorrow."

THE following day the two visited the Bishop Museum which contains the finest known collection of Polynesian relics. Here they met the curator and were told by that learned scientist that he was personally convinced, though perhaps this was not yet a demonstrated scientific fact, that the Polynesians of Hawaii, Tahiti, Samoa, Tonga and New Zealand are related to one another and with the same origin as the American Indian. Furthermore, they are a delightful people, kindhearted, generous to a fault, very intelligent considering their environment, and withal most lovable.

"What about the Fijians?" asked the girl. Her heart alternated between an audible pounding and a dangerous cessation as she awaited his answer.

"They have many of the same characteristics as the Polynesians, though they cannot be said to have the same blood. The true Fijian is of Melanesian descent, quite different from the Polynesian. Until the advent of the whites he was a natural cannibal. In many particulars he resembles the negro one sees in America and indeed their origin is probably the same. One characteristic which they have in common is particularly noticeable —the persistency of their blood when it is mixed in marriage with the whites. Of course many whites have been foolish enough to marry—"

EVEN the absent-minded scientist could not fail to remark the young lady's agitation. "Are you ill, Miss Redfield?" he

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asked. "I fear you have been greatly bored by my dissertation. Let me bring you a glass of water."

Away from the museum and alone with Nate, she said, this time in no uncertain terms: "You see how impossible it is. Fate has been cruel to us, but we can gain nothing by flying in her face. My first plan was the right one."

"But Nell—"

"Please don't try to coax me to change my mind, Nate. I cannot listen to more arguments, for my nerves are as brittle as glass, but this I know, I must go and go alone." Nell was almost hysterical.

"I shall never, never permit it!" The young fellow's determined face showed how sincerely the words were spoken.

THE girl shook off her threatened attack of hysteria, and continued more calmly. "Nate, I know something of the suffering which exists in childless homes. Think of that, then of the other alternative, children playing about your knee who call you father and whose blood is not wholly white."

The man's involuntary shudder did not escape the searching eyes of the girl. Nothing that had occurred since the news of her ancestry was revealed did so much to crystallize her determination as did that slight and unconscious movement. No matter what the temptation, she must never permit herself to think again of marriage.

(To be continued).

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INDEX TO ADVERTISERS

Company	Page
American Asphalt Roof Corp.	770
Beneficial Life Insurance Company	Outside Back Cover
Bennett Glass & Paint Company	777
Brigham Young University	779
Columbian Optical Company	778
Continental Oil Company	780
Deseret News Press	782
First Securities Corporation	Inside Front Cover
Henager's Business College	768
Iron Fireman	778
Independent Coal & Coke Co.	773
Ketterer & Perschon	772
Kelly Company	772
Kewanee Boiler Company	784
Knight Fuel Company	774
Landes Tractor & Equipment Co.	780
LeCrist School of Dancing	772
Masters Library	770
Portland Cement Association	773
Miskin Scraper Company	781
McCune School of Music & Art	781
Midvale Home Finance Corp.	775
Quish School of Beauty Culture	772
Radium Appliance Company	770
Regal Cleaning & Dyeing	776
Royal Baking Company	771
Royal Baking Powder Company	783
Salt Lake Hardware Company	783
Salt Lake Cabinet & Fixture Co.	784
Salt Lake Knitting Store	781
Salt Lake Pressed Brick Co.	722
Sego Milk	769
Smith, L. C. & Corona Typewriters Inc.	771
Speakers Library	784
Standard Oil of California	776
Taylor, Joseph Wm.	783
Teerlink, John A.	779
Union Dental Company	777
Urado Remedy Company	784
Utah Builders Supply Company	771
Utah High School of Beauty Culture	782
Utah-Idaho School Supply Co.	769
Utah Oil & Refining Company	Inside Back Cover

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TWO WIDOWS

One glance clearly sets out the great part life insurance plays in the future of many families.

ONE HUSBAND HAD INSURANCE—THE OTHER DID NOT

Is your Life Insurance BENEFICIAL?

BENEFICIAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

HEBER J. GRANT, President E. T. RALPHS, Gen. Mgr.

Is your Life Insurance BENEFICIAL?

IF IT'S A BENEFICIAL POLICY IT'S THE BEST INSURANCE YOU CAN BUY.